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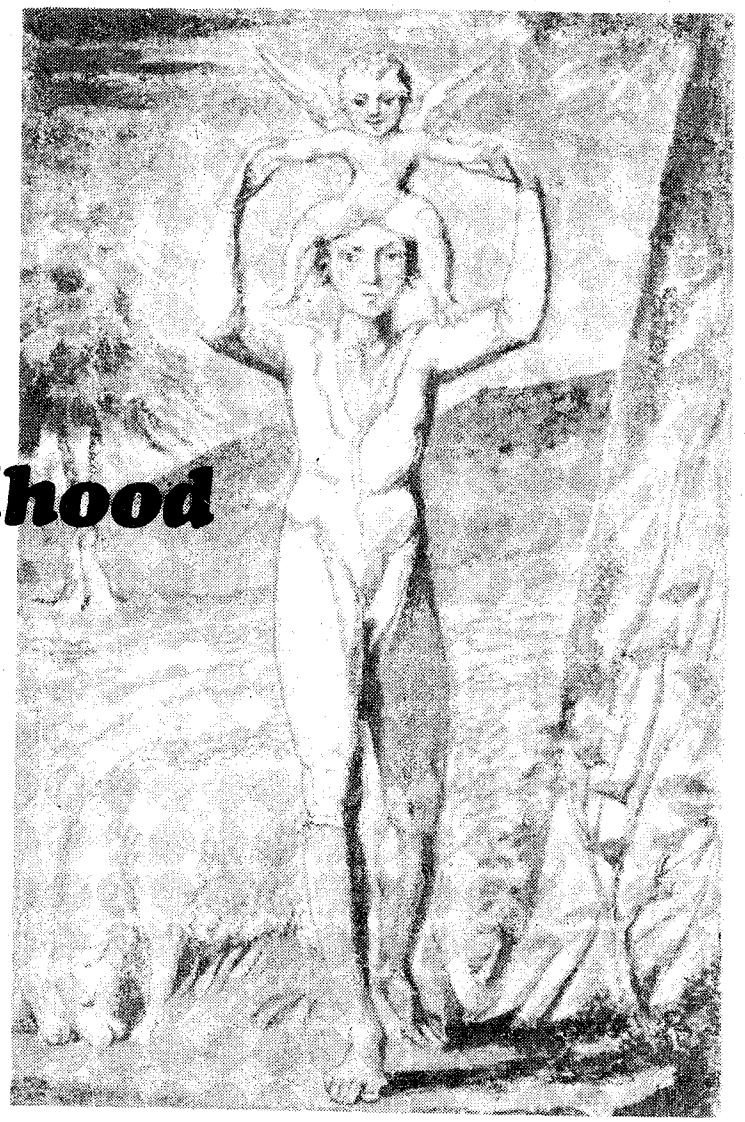

The Long Childhood

Self-Knowledge Is Man's Destiny, and the Democracy of the Intellect Is the Way. But Western Civilization Holds No Lease on the Future.

J. BRONOWSKI

Morris Renek

V.S. PRITCHE[illegible] 'BALZAC'

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LETTERS

on Shirley Hazzard's view of the U.N.

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In "The United Nations: Elderly Orphan" [*The Nation,* Oct. 22] Shirley Hazzard has done a first-class job of demythification, with her usual gusto and brilliant style. As an early admirer of hers, I remember chuckling over her first book on the U.N., *People in Glass Houses,* published shortly after she left the organization at the beginning of 1962. I find, however, that she has created or repeated quite a few myths herself.

Having been a correspondent at the U.N. since 1946 and having never believed in slogans or panaceas for the world's ills, I would like to list some observations which came to my mind as I read her article.

(*1*) Miss Hazzard postulates that the U.N. was born out of public faith and travail. I am afraid this is primarily an American view. No such idealism prevailed among the people of most countries which had belonged to the League of Nations and had been made intensely skeptical by that experience. The U.N. was, at the start, a Western alliance, based on Western concepts of law and human rights. The Soviet Union used it—and still does, although less effectively—only for propaganda purposes. No real "internationalism" inspired its actions. The only "internationalists," in spirit as well as title, were some of its more devoted civil servants, who did the job assigned to them by majority resolutions and, in their daily life, made many friends among similar-minded people of other countries.

(*2*) If the U.N. has not become that "world authority" which Miss Hazzard sees as the too-long-awaited Valhalla, it is not only because its Charter had built-in guarantees against it—among them the veto and the prohibition of interference in the domestic affairs of member states—but also because international relations have departed more and more from that concept.

In fact, the U.N. of today, which Miss Hazzard's article ignores, is a contradiction of these initials. The organization, like the world, is made up of groups of nations which have evolved since the end of World War II, and which practice nationalism on a larger scale. Their objectives or group interests can at times be accommodated, but are rarely common ones. The largest bloc of member countries in the U.N., the recently independent countries of Africa and Asia, have priority interests in the political, economic and social fields, which mobilize at least 75 per cent of the organization's activities. Their joint strength, to cite one example, has prevented the U.N. from making progress in the fight against international terrorism, one of the few causes which the United States was trying to promote at the U.N., with broad popular support.

Far from being excluded from these new political groupings, as Miss Hazzard suggests, the U.N. is mobilized by them. The newest group, the European Community, is beginning to assert its growing influence. China is gradually evolving positions on a large number of issues which were covered until recently by a blanket of Marxist rhetoric.

(*3*) The immense new field of truly international dimensions opened by modern technology and social evolution, far from being alien to the U.N., may well be today its best sphere of action in the form of the construction of a new international law. The Stockholm Conference on the Environment has both harvested and stimulated the general but spotty concern felt on this subject. The population control program of the U.N. represents a very serious effort of education in many recalcitrant lands. The complex and antagonistic interests involved in the resources of the sea bed are experiencing at the U.N. an explosive confrontation which may lead to a new law of the sea.

Miss Hazzard apparently does not know that one of the latest enterprises of the U.N. is to try to regulate the activities of the multinational corporations, those giants which at the same time wield a tremendous beneficial power and

(Continued on page 725)

EDITORIALS

The Holiday Test

Suspense is one important ingredient of entertaining journalism; anticipation is another. At year's end the ongoing Watergate serial had reached a point of climax and the press decided to make the most of it. The theme of the week was implicit in captions on lead stories in *Time* and *Newsweek*: the first, "A Holiday Test for the President"; the second, "Next, the Christmas Referendum" (both December 24). A set of assumptions underlies the theme: (*1*) The period between now and January 21, when Congress reconvenes, will determine the President's fate. By profession, every member of Congress is an opinion expert. This Christmas when members return to their districts they will be more than usually attentive to what voters think about impeachment. (*2*) Confirmation of Gerald Ford as Vice President has made it possible for many hesitant voters to reach a decision; opinion has now jelled. (*3*) During the holiday recess, Rep. Peter Rodino's committee will have settled the preliminaries of organizing a special staff and collating the results of the earlier investigations, so that Congress will be in a position to proceed with impeachment or drop it. (*4*) If the voters are pleased with Ford and want Nixon out, then a group of influential Republicans—Senator Goldwater is invariably suggested as spokesman—will meet quietly with the President and ask him to resign "for the good of the country and the party"—and his own self-interest. The setting, it is said, will be similar to that in 1958 when Mr. Nixon, then Vice President, and Meade Alcorn, chairman of the Republican National Committee, told Sherman Adams that the time had come for him to step down as President Eisenhower's Haldeman-Haig. Most of the scenario writers assume that under these circumstances President Nixon would resign.

The theme of this composite forecast is not implausible but aspects of it should be closely examined. Republican attitudes will influence, if not determine, what the President does. The Rodino committee must secure some Republican support for impeachment if it is to avoid the appearance that impeachment is a straight party-line issue. (Though in fact not all Democrats on the committee can be counted on to opt for impeachment.) The President must hold most if not all the Republicans in the Senate if he is to muster enough votes to block the two-thirds majority impeachment would require.

By the same token, impeachment is a hideous issue for Republicans to face in an election year. Most GOP incumbents would be delighted if the President were to take them off the hook by resigning. Most of them had assumed at the outset that Watergate would not brush off on them, and indeed it might not *if* the President were to resign. But if he stays on, the Republicans are in deep trouble, as most of them privately concede. Rep. John Anderson, a seven-term member, third-ranking Republican in the House, took soundings and decided not to run for the Senate in Illinois in 1974. Good GOP candidates are in short supply from coast to coast. In California, Robert Finch and Atty. Gen. Evelle Younger, both strong

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candidates, are reluctant to run for governor this year. Money is hard to raise. Local and state leaders are divided. Even without Watergate, the Republicans stood to lose Senate and House seats; they have just lost one in the Senate with the confirmation of William Saxbe as Attorney General. Rockefeller's resignation undercuts Nixon to some extent and at the same time weakens the Republican Party in New York.

Dr. Gallup and other pollsters have warned the Republicans that they stand to lose a batch of seats; only the extent of the disaster is in doubt. So obviously the Republicans would like to see the President resign. "Every day I get the feeling more and more that Nixon will have to get out," Rep. Glenn R. Davis told the Milwaukee *Sentinel* after a visit to his district. And each week Senator Goldwater is a bit more insistent. It is not so much Watergate, he said last week, as it is another question: just how honest is Nixon? Goldwater is impatient with his quibbling, dabbling and habit of arguing on "very nebulous grounds" about executive privilege, when all that the people want to know is the truth. "There will be a little pause over the holiday season," Rep. John Anderson is quoted as saying (*Los Angeles Times*), "but I don't think the sound of Christmas bells coming in over the transom will make people love Richard Nixon any more."

But suppose the President decides not to take the party off the hook? Only if it were in his own interest would he ever resign. For one thing, he would have to be assured the same airtight legal protection that was given Agnew. Would Ford give such assurances and if he did how reliable would they be? If Nixon resigned, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell might decide to bail out. If any of them started to talk, Nixon would be in serious trouble; his Presidential immunity would be gone and the statute of limitations on major Watergate offenses will not run out for quite some time.

Nixon is almost certain to put himself ahead of the Republican Party and Republican incumbents, as long as he can count enough votes in the Senate to block impeachment. Just now the President feels that time is on his side. His position in the Harris and Gallup polls has improved slightly. Public attitudes are puzzling, if the polls are to be given credence. A large majority, perhaps 70 per cent, believe that he knew about Watergate and participated in the cover-up, but 54 per cent are against ousting him from office. Kissinger remains a plus, but the President's chief reason for optimism is to be found in the spineless, leaderless behavior of the Democratic Party. Watergate has hurt the Republicans badly, but there has been no great surge of sentiment for Democrats as Democrats; for what Democratic leader are voters tossing their hats in the air? So the President will continue to stall, promise, threaten and cajole. He will continue to appear, briefly, before such critical audiences as the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts, and will seek to turn ceremonial occasions, such as the annual lighting of the White House Christmas tree, into political rallies by giving his partisans up-front seating privileges. No doubt he puts special stress on regional variations in voter attitudes; he continues to hold a fair margin of support in the South. That he is probably deluding himself is beside

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the point; as long as he thinks there is a chance of opinion holding against impeachment he will hang on. But minor scandals continue to be disclosed (the use of Small Business Administration loans to enlist the support of leaders of various minorities), and major scandals—for example, developments arising out of the continuing ITT investigation—may erupt any day. Or economic issues may become the determining factor in popular attitudes. So, as the holiday recess begins, it is safe to conclude with Charles Alan Wright, once the President's counsel, that "the crisis has eased, but one cannot yet say the patient has fully recovered."

As this latest installment in the Watergate serial unfolds, one issue must be emphasized: impeachment is the constitutional remedy for curbing abuses of power by the Executive. If impeachment is not voted, it will mean that we shall be at the mercy of arbitrary Presidential power from now on. If President Nixon can escape impeachment on the basis of the known facts, then the danger can be ignored by any successor who might choose to engage in even more arbitrary and lawless acts. If the Senate were to sustain a resolution of impeachment, the constitutional remedy would be vindicated. Even if the Senate failed to sustain any of the charges or grounds of impeachment it would not be fatal. Subsequent Presidents would know that the remedy can be invoked. Of course, it would be unfortunate if we had to suffer the current paralysis of Presidential leadership during a long drawn-out impeachment proceeding; the proceeding against President Andrew Johnson stretched over two terms of Congress. But in the absence of impeachment, the President cannot govern effectively; he has forfeited public confidence and he will not regain it. Measured against the consequences of *not* invoking the remedy of impeachment, all such considerations assume secondary importance. The question is, can the public be induced to realize what is at stake? Can they be made to see, over this holiday period, that what we face is a "crisis of the Constitution," not merely a crisis in leadership? Only sustained and massive pressure from voters can insure that Nixon's abuses of the great powers of the Presidency will be judged by the only tribunal invoking the only process prescribed by the Constitution.

For Sale Cheap

Thanks to Rep. Robert L. Leggett (D., Calif.) we are able to pass on to our readers some glad news which the press has not seen fit to headline. The partly constructed Safeguard ABM base at Malmstrom, Mont. is up for grabs. When the site was acquired in 1969 it was deemed vital to national security, but under the changed conditions wrought by the U.S.-Soviet Union ABM treaty, the U.S. Army Air Defense Command is reluctantly turning it over to the General Services Administration for disposal. "Owner Must Sell!" in the parlance of real estate advertising, and by all indications this one is going to be a real sacrifice.

The property consists of 641 acres owned in fee simple by the government, and 869 acres of easements so that the prospective buyer can get water from a distant reservoir. The original cost breaks down as follows:

Fee	$ 198,369
Easements	115,548
Improvements	63,700,000

The improvements include 27 miles of water line with pumping stations, an uncompleted underground radar station and various other facilities, and—this is the big attraction—100,000 square feet of *underground* office space. The Army has not made any suggestions for use or conversion of the 2½ acres of office space, but obviously if any citizens are still interested in bomb-proof shelters, here is a real opportunity for a large family. Or, for clerical business purposes, it must be very quiet down there. The site would seem especially suitable for crypts or mausoleums. It has wonderful possibilities for both the dead and the living.

Mr. Leggett, unfortunately, takes a rather sour view of the ABM project as a whole and the Malmstrom installation in particular. He suggests that a bid of $19.98 would probably take the property. We have spent $8 billion on ABM systems which, Mr. Leggett asserts, are totally ineffective. It may be so; the fact that both the Soviet experts and our own have gone bearish on the ABM, after such high expectations, may account for the treaty on limitation of such systems. Originally there were to be twelve U.S. sites—Malmstrom, now defunct; another near Grand Forks Air Force Base in North Dakota; a third to protect the nation's capital, and nine others now discarded. The $8 billion is down the drain but, looking on the bright side, at least we shall not break ground on nine of the installations originally proposed.

Mr. Leggett argues that, since no Soviet ABM system could counter our nuclear deterrent, we have not improved our military position by the treaty, and, further, that the anti-ABM agreement removes the main rationale for our MIRV program. However, we are going ahead with the latter anyway, so our military leaders will not be entirely bereft of expensive playthings.

"So," Representative Leggett concludes gloomily, "we have spent $8 billion to learn what we already knew and to help balance the Soviet budget"—that is, by saving them the cost of an ABM system. Granting that may be so, the fact should not be ignored that our country, in its present state of chronic anxiety, thrives on gaps—the Sputnik gap, the missiles gap, etc. Our economy would collapse without these lacunae. And finally, the real estate industry, already beset by high mortgage rates and prospective gasoline and fuel oil rationing, will get a much needed boost from the wild bargain being offered in Montana.

Rockefeller and Lindsay

As active candidates, Nelson Rockefeller and John V. Lindsay are bowing out of the New York State and City political scene—the first permanently; the second for the time being. Both men, needless to say, retain an active interest in and great influence on New York politics. Rockefeller, in hot though unacknowledged pursuit of the Presidency, seeks to retain tight control of the state Republican apparatus, and Lindsay will probably run for the

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Senate in 1976. But neither will be a candidate for any public office in 1974.

New York residents have had splendid opportunities to keep both men under close scrutiny for many years. There are certain parallels in their careers. Rockefeller was elected Governor in 1958 and served fifteen years in that office; Lindsay was first elected to Congress in the same year and, with seven years in Washington and eight as Mayor, he too leaves office with a fifteen-year record of public service. Socially and culturally both men can be tagged as WASPs; both are upper class, "of good family," and neither has ever known the pinch of poverty. Not so long ago both were leading figures in the odd phenomenon of "liberal Republicanism," but Rockefeller is now staging a tactical retreat from most liberal positions, while Lindsay, acknowledging the logic of his position, has become a Democrat.

The press has blossomed with long features on "The Rockefeller Years," most of which seem to have been carefully composed six months or a year ago in anticipation of the Governor's decision to stand down. By and large, these summaries have been fair and accurate; without exception, they have been exhaustive to the point of boredom. Writing them was obviously hard work. Suffice it to say that Rockefeller has been in the admirable New York tradition of strong governors: Hughes, Smith, Roosevelt, Dewey, Lehman and Harriman. His finest achievement, perhaps, has been the State University of New York; his least impressive, the wretched and frightfully expensive Albany mall.

The turning point in Rockefeller's career came in 1969 when he decided to support John Marchi, the Conservative candidate, for mayor, while Senator Javits supported Lindsay. From that time on, Rockefeller has veered steadily to the Right, making deals with the Conservatives, coming on strong as a law-and-order politician, sponsoring absurd get-tough drug measures, apologizing for Nixon and seeking to erase the fine impression he made in 1964 when he smilingly braved the catcalls of the Goldwaterites at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. Since 1969 he has retreated from many of his earlier liberal positions and hedged on others. Much can be said, pro and con, about his record as Governor, but the most interesting aspect of the recent summaries is that little sentiment is wasted on Rockefeller or "The Rockefeller Years." Few seem sad that he is stepping down. For all the grinning and rib-nudging of his famous campaign style, Rockefeller in public life is rather cold, a whip cracker, a man who resents being crossed no matter how trivial the occasion. Among Republicans, only Marchi (recently), Charles Goodell and Lindsay (when he was still a Republican) refused to bow to his dictates and all received the deep-freeze treatment.

To set things up for his successor, Malcolm Wilson—and the better to retain tight control of the state Republican machine and the 1976 delegation—Rockefeller appears to have connived at a crass smear of Assembly Speaker Perry B. Duryea, Jr.; if successful, it might spare Wilson an abrasive primary fight. (The section of the election law under which Duryea was indicted has twice been declared unconstitutional in the courts. Also the timing of the indictment was a bit pat; it came in the immediate wake of the Governor's announcement, which had been moved forward a week.) Whether the smear charge is substantiated or not, an outpouring of statewide support for Duryea, who has never been close to the Governor, probably means that there will now be a Wilson-Duryea primary fight and that the Republican delegation just might be split in 1976. Rough tactics can boomerang.

So despite his evident virtues as personal honesty (there have been few state government scandals in the last fifteen years), a capacity for hard work and a relish for executive action, few New York residents seemed sorry to have Rockefeller step down. For one thing, it is difficult to feel nostalgic or sentimental about the "new" Rockefeller who, to further his personal political ambitions, has been cuddling up to the elements that booed him at the Cow Palace. Over the years Rockefeller's image in Harlem has been that of a friend and sympathizer, but most blacks must be disgusted by his ardent wooing of Southern support. New Yorkers in general have come to know Rockefeller as an extremely ambitious, self-centered man who radiates little genuine warmth. If they feel gratitude—and they should—for some of the things he has accomplished, they have little reason to regret this latest resurgence of his obsession to be President.

Seldom has a politician risen as far or as quickly in popular esteem as John Lindsay since he bowed out of the 1973 mayoralty race. Ordinarily departing mayors leave City Hall to a chorus of "good riddance." But Lindsay so easily towered over the men who sought to succeed him that he took the edge off interest in the race; it seemed to matter little which of the candidates won, since none was of his stature or had anything like his best qualities. While they won't acknowledge it, New Yorkers, of all levels, respect "class" more than efficiency in their mayors, and Lindsay has class, however defined. Unlike Rockefeller, he followed the logic of "liberal Republicanism" and became a Democrat. Instead of catering to the prejudices of white Southerners, he campaigned in Florida in 1972 for bussing and liberal abortion laws and against the war in Vietnam; not very "smart" politics, but a mark of courage and consistency. In a weak moment—since deeply regretted—he seconded the nomination of Agnew at Miami, but has long been a prime target of Messrs. Nixon, Rockefeller, Goldwater, Agnew and Buckley.

Lindsay experienced eight rough years as Mayor; the crises came in waves, the first—a transit strike—almost as he was being sworn in. Critics say that it took him six years to learn the administrative skills the office demands, but fail to note that he never had the support of a well-organized party, Republican, Liberal or any other. *This* WASP tends to be a bit stiff and formal in

TO OUR READERS

Starting with the first issue of 1974, the cover date of each issue of *The Nation* will be that of Saturday, instead of Monday as heretofore. Issues will continue to be mailed on Friday of the preceding week.

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public, whereas he is warm, humorous and outgoing in private; Rockefeller is just the reverse. Charles Evers sent Lindsay a farewell wire which, abbreviated, said that he remembered walking the streets of Harlem with the Mayor as people reached out to touch him; now, said Evers, "this night I reach out to touch you." Leaving office, Lindsay has been wined, dined and cheered to the echo and for a reason: he has a place in the affection of many people, as does Mrs. Lindsay, that most remarkable lady. Efficiency, a talent for organizing, clout and great wealth can be useful in politics, but are not what politics is about. Politics is basically about people. The statement has little meaning to Rockefeller, to whom people are voters, but Lindsay understands. And that is why the Lindsay farewell parties were gala affairs, with laughter, tears and a mood of enthusiasm which, as one observer said, "was close to an unspoken pledge of future political wars."

Civil Rights: Two Steps Forward

After thirteen months of somnolence, President Nixon is preparing to appoint a chairman of the Civil Rights Commission to fill the post formerly occupied by Father Theodore Hesburgh. Arthur S. Flemming, 68, former president of several universities and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare under President Eisenhower, is no Hesburgh, but he has a decent civil rights record and his appointment may herald an urgently needed revitalization of the agency.

Another favorable development in the civil rights field is the panel of concerned citizens set up by Rep. Ralph H. Metcalfe of Chicago to protect citizens against police mistreatment, ranging from verbal abuse to murder. We ran a commendatory editorial on this venture in our September 17th issue; now Mr. Metcalfe has come up with another excellent initiative. There is in existence a statute —42 U.S.C. Sec. 1983—which provides that any person suffering injury as a result of action taken under color of a state law, ordinance, regulation or usage, may sue for redress. The trouble with this statute is that in *Monroe* v. *Pape* (1961) the Supreme Court decided that Congress did not intend to hold municipal corporations responsible for damages assessed against an individual police officer. This immunity robs the statute of its real meaning and effect.

Metcalfe has now introduced legislation to make all "bodies politic" responsible for the actions of their agents. If the cities can thus be held liable, they will be more inclined to select, train and supervise police officers in a manner to avoid possible legal and financial difficulties. Enlightened communities do not need this incentive, nor do fair-minded police officers, but in many places only the fear of higher taxes has significant effect.

Representative Metcalfe's measure is of particular interest to blacks and especially blacks in Chicago, where the civilian death rate at the hands of law-enforcement officers is 1.5 times the Philadelphia rate and more than three times the rates in New York, Los Angeles and Detroit. More than 75 per cent of the civilians killed in Chicago are blacks. In general, they are the principal victims of ghetto violence, whether inflicted by other blacks or by police officers.

The Metcalfe proposal is a moderate one and should have been enacted into law long ago. It should receive support not only on its merits but because it might encourage further extension of civil rights in a virtually static situation.

No Big Deal

When the 1973 Oregon legislature downgraded possession of small amounts of marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor, nobody expected the state to go to pot—and it hasn't. The law was changed for many reasons. Many sons and daughters of respectable families were smoking reefers and their parents were following suit. Marijuana was becoming part of the middle-class way of life. But police departments discriminated against blacks and long hairs, and "enforcement" begat corruption. Study after study concluded that for the overwhelming majority of smokers, marijuana did not lead to heroin. Nor were marijuana users engaged in stealing in order to obtain funds to purchase the substance. What did happen was that even the conservative young developed a cynicism toward the police and toward a society which had wide tolerance for alcohol usage but was death on marijuana. Legislators were alarmed, too, because young people convicted of marijuana possession had to live out their lives with criminal records—and this sometimes meant loss of employment or scholarship.

The revised statute declares that "possession of less than one avoirdupois ounce of marijuana is a violation punishable by a fine of not more than $100." No longer can a police officer, apprehending a young person with a marijuana cigarette or two in his or her possession, haul his charge off to jail. Instead, a citation must be given, in the same way that citations are written for most traffic violations.

It is still a felony for anyone 18 years of age or older to furnish marijuana to a person who is under 18, and who is at least three years younger than the giver (or seller), but no one is arguing with that. And those who worked hard to decriminalize the use of marijuana are not asking a softer enforcement approach to marijuana wholesalers or to heroin pushers. Another section of the law, little noticed by the Oregon press, provides that those convicted of marijuana possession may, after three years, initiate proceedings to have the record of their arrest and conviction expunged. This provision is retroactive and will be a relief to persons convicted before passage of the bill—no matter how many years before.

Since the bill became law, police have noticed no increase in marijuana usage. Indeed, the scene appears quieter now. With the hysteria and the hassling gone, so has some of the defiance.

There are those in Oregon who think the bill doesn't go far enough, that even a misdemeanor is too severe a penalty for possession of marijuana for individual use. But they also declare that the bill is the best of its kind in the nation and a long step toward bringing some sanity into a highly emotional and perverted subject.

RALPH FRIEDMAN

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THE LONG CHILDHOOD J. Bronowski

Self-Knowledge Is Man's Destiny, and the Democracy of the Intellect Is the Way. But Western Civilization Holds No Lease on the Future.

Iceland is the seat of the oldest democracy in Northern Europe. In the natural amphitheatre of Thingvellir, where there were never any buildings, the Allthing of Iceland (the whole community of the Norsemen of Iceland) met each year to make laws and to receive them. This began about 900 A.D., before Christianity arrived, at a time when China was a great empire, and Europe was the spoil of princelings and robber barons. It was a remarkable beginning to democracy.

But there is something more remarkable about this misty, inclement site. It was chosen because the farmer who had owned it had killed, not another farmer but a slave, and had been outlawed. Justice was seldom so even-handed in slave-owning cultures. Yet justice is a universal of all cultures. It is a tightrope that man walks, between his desire to fulfill his wishes, and his acknowledgment of social responsibility. No animal is faced with this dilemma: an animal is either social or solitary. Man alone aspires to be both in one, a social solitary. And to me that is a unique biological feature. That is the

Man Alone Aspires to Be a Social Solitary. (The Twelve Disciples; Ninth-Century Granite Cross at Moone County, Kildare, Eire.)

At Christmas time in 1956, *The Nation* devoted a special issue to J. Bronowski's "Science and Human Values," an essay which immediately took, and has since held, a leading place in the dialogue of our time. The issue itself was far oversubscribed; the essay appeared later in book form here and in England in both hard cover and paper editions (Harper Torchbooks and Penguin).

In the years immediately following, the problem whose dimensions Dr. Bronowski was the first to define became more acute: C.P. Snow gave it a name —The Two Cultures. Accordingly, Bronowski returned to *The Nation* in the issue of January 4, 1964, with "The Abacus and the Rose," a three-part dialogue after the model of Galileo's *Dialogue on the Great World System*, in which a ministerial representative of the establishment tries to achieve a degree of harmony between champions of the seemingly antagonistic values of science and the humanities.

In the present essay, which is the final chapter of his forthcoming *The Ascent of Man* (Little, Brown), offered originally as a television series on the BBC, Bronowski approaches values from the position of biology, from what is now known of the human brain's capacities and of how it learns to use them. Values are the long-term strategies of that brain: "We are nature's unique experiment to make the rational intelligence prove itself sounder than the reflex." Knowledge is our destiny, says Bronowski, and the achievement of self-knowledge is at last within our grasp. Therefore we—that is, Western civilization—are being weighed in the balance. "We have not been given any guarantee that Assyria and Egypt and Rome were not given. We are waiting to be somebody's past too, and not necessarily that of our future."

* * *

J. Bronowski is both a scientist and a man of letters. He is the author, among other books, of William Blake: A Man Without a Mask; *for some years he was director of Britain's Coal Research Establishment, which post he resigned in order to become a fellow of the Salk Institute for Biological Studies. He continues there the research into the roots of human behavior which moved him a decade ago to change disciplines from physics to biology.*

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kind of problem that engages me in my work on human specificity, and that I want to discuss.

It is something of a shock to think that justice is part of the biological equipment of man. And yet it was exactly that thought which took me out of physics into biology, and that has taught me since that a man's life, a man's home, is a proper place in which to study his biological uniqueness.

It is natural that by tradition biology is thought of

Self-Portrait: Albrecht Dürer

in a different way: that the likeness between man and the animals is what dominates it. Back before the year 200 A.D. the great classic author of antiquity in medicine, Claudius Galen, studied, for example, the forearm in man. How did he study it? By dissecting the forearm in a Barbary ape. That is how you have to begin, necessarily using the evidence of the animals, long before the theory of evolution comes to justify the analogy. And to this day the wonderful work on animal behavior by Konrad Lorenz naturally makes us seek for likeness between the duck and the tiger and man; or B. F. Skinner's psychological work on pigeons and rats. They tell us something about man. But they cannot tell us everything. There must be something unique about man.

Let us not beat about the bush. The horse and the rider have many anatomical features in common, but it is the human creature that rides the horse, and not the other way about. And the rider is a very good example, because man was not created to ride the horse. There is no wiring inside the brain that makes us horse riders. Riding is a comparatively recent invention, less than 5,000 years old, and yet it has had an immense influence on our social structure.

The plasticity of human behavior makes that possible. That is what characterizes us; in our social institutions, of course, but for me above all in books, because they are the permanent product of the total interests of the human mind. They come to me like the memory of my parents: Isaac Newton, dominating the Royal Society at the beginning of the 18th century, and William Blake, writing the *Songs of Innocence* late in the 18th century. They are two aspects of the one mind, and both are what behavioral biologists call "species-specific." Man is unique not because he does science, and he is unique not because he does art but because science and art equally are expressions of his marvelous plasticity of mind.

I have an object which I treasure: a cast of the skull of a child that is 2 million years old, the Taung baby. Of course, it is not strictly a human child. And yet if she—I always think of her as a girl—if she had lived long enough, she might have been my ancestor. What distinguishes her little brain from mine? In a simple sense, the size. That brain, if she had grown up, would have weighed perhaps a little more than a pound. And my brain, the average brain today, weighs 3 pounds.

I am not going to talk about the neural structures, about one-way conduction in nervous tissues, or even about the old brain and the new, because that apparatus is what we share with many animals. I am going to talk about the brain as it is specific to the human creature.

The first question we ask is, Is the human brain a better computer—a more complex computer? Artists in particular tend to think of the brain as a computer. So in his "Portrait of Dr. Bronowski" Terry Durham has incorporated symbols of the spectrum and the computer, because that is how an artist imagines a scientist's brain. But that cannot be right. If the brain were a computer, then it would be carrying out a pre-wired set of actions in an inflexible sequence.

By way of example, think of a very beautiful piece of animal behavior described in Dan Lehrman's work on the mating of the ring-dove. If the male coos in the right way, if he bows in the right way, then the female explodes in excitement, all her hormones squirt, and she goes through a sequence as part of which she builds a perfect nest. Her actions are exact in detail and order, yet they are untaught, and therefore invariable; the ring-dove never changes them. Nobody ever gave her a set of bricks to learn to build a nest. But you could not get a human being to build anything unless the child had put together a set of bricks. That is the beginning of the Parthenon and the Taj Mahal, of the dome at Sultaniyeh and the Watts Towers, of Machu Picchu and the Pentagon.

We are not a computer that follows routines laid down at birth. If we are any kind of machine, then we are a learning machine, and we do our important learning in specific areas of the brain. The brain has not just blown up to two or three times its earlier size during its evolution. It has grown in quite special areas: where it controls the hand, for instance, where speech is controlled, where foresight and planning are controlled.

Consider first the hand. The recent evolution of man certainly begins with the advancing development of the hand, and the selection for a brain which is particu-

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larly adept at manipulating the hand. We feel the pleasure of that in our actions, so that for the artist the hand remains a major symbol: the hand of Buddha, for instance, giving man the gift of humanity. But for the scientist the hand has a special gesture: we can oppose the thumb to the fingers. Well, apes can do that. But we can oppose the thumb precisely to the forefinger, and that is a special human gesture. And it can be done because there is an area in the brain so large that we assign more gray matter to manipulating the thumb than to the total control of the chest and the abdomen.

I remember as a young father tiptoeing to the cradle of my first daughter when she was 4 or 5 days old, and thinking, "These marvelous fingers, every joint so perfect, down to the fingernails. I could not have designed that detail in a million years." But of course it took a million years for the hand to drive the brain and for the brain to feed back and drive the hand to reach its present stage of evolution. And that occurs in a quite specific place in the brain. The whole of the hand is essentially monitored by a part of the brain that can be marked out, near the top of the head.

An even more specifically human part of the brain does not exist in animals at all. The capacity for speech is localized in two connected areas of the human brain; one area is close to the hearing center, and the other lies forward and higher, in the frontal lobes. Is that prewired? Yes, in one sense, because if our speech centers are not intact we cannot speak at all. And yet, does speech have to be learned? Of course it does. I speak English, which I learned only at the age of 13; but I could not speak English if I had not before learned language. If you leave a child speaking no language until the age of 13, it is almost impossible for it to learn at all. I speak English because I learned Polish at the age of 2. I have forgotten every word of Polish, but I learned *language*. Here, as in other human gifts, the brain is wired to learn.

The human brain is not symmetrical in its two halves. Unlike other animals, men are markedly right-handed or left-handed. Speech also is controlled on one side of the brain, but the side does not vary. Whether you are right-handed or left-handed, speech is almost certainly on the left. There are exceptions, in the same way that there are people who have their heart on the right, but the exceptions are rare: by and large speech is in areas in the left half of the brain. And what is in the matching areas on the right? We do not exactly know, so far, but it looks as if they take the input that comes by way of the eye—the maps of a two-dimensional world on the retina—and turn it or organize it into a three-dimensional picture. If that is right, then in my view it is clear that speech is also a way of organizing the world into its parts and putting them together again like movable images.

The organization of experience, very farsighted in man, is lodged in a third area of human specificity. The main organization of the brain is in the frontal lobes and the prefrontal lobes. By comparison with his prehistoric ancestors, every man is a highbrow, an egghead. These large frontal lobes may well have several functions, and yet they do one very specific and important thing. They enable you to think of actions in the future, and wait for a reward then. Some beautiful experiments on this delayed response were first done by Walter Hunter around 1910, and then refined by Jacobsen in the 1930s. Hunter would take some reward, show it to an animal and then hide it. The results found in that darling of the laboratory, the rat, are typical. If, having shown it the reward, you let the rat free at once, it goes to the hidden reward immediately. But if you keep the rat waiting for some minutes, then it is no longer able to identify where it ought to go for its reward.

Hunter did the same experiments with children, and you can keep children of 5 or 6 waiting for half an hour, perhaps an hour. Hunter had a little girl whom he was trying to amuse while keeping her waiting, and he talked to her. Finally she said to him, "You know, I think you're just trying to make me forget."

The ability to plan actions for which the reward is a long way off is an elaboration of the delayed response; sociologists call it "the postponement of gratification." It is a central gift of the human brain for which there is no rudimentary match in animal brains until they become quite sophisticated, well up in the evolutionary scale, like our cousins, the monkeys and the apes. That human development means that we are concerned in our early education actually with the postponement of decisions. And here I am saying something different from what the sociologists say. We *have* to put off the deci-

Etching by Jan Konupek

Hamlet

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sion-making process, in order to accumulate enough knowledge as a preparation for the future. That is what childhood is about, that is what puberty is about, that is what youth is about.

I want to stress the postponement of *decision* quite dramatically—and I mean the word literally. What is the major drama in the English language? It is *Hamlet*. What is *Hamlet* about? It is a play about a young man—a boy—who is faced with a decision beyond his reach: to kill the murderer of his father. It is pointless of the Ghost to keep on nudging him, saying, "Revenge, Revenge." The fact is that Hamlet is simply not ripe, intellectually or emotionally, for the act that he is asked to perform. The whole play is an endless postponement of his decision.

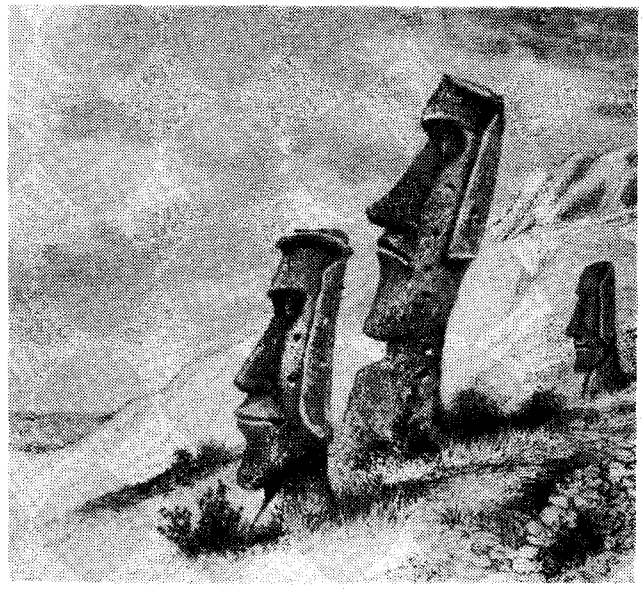
The high point is in the middle of Act III. Hamlet sees the King at prayer. The stage directions are so uncertain that he may even hear the King at prayer, confessing his crime. And what does Hamlet say? "Now might I do it—pat!" But he does not do it; he is not ready for an act of that magnitude in boyhood. So at the end of the play Hamlet is murdered. But the tragedy is not that Hamlet dies; it is that he dies exactly when he is ready to become a great king.

In man, before the brain is an instrument for action, it has to be an instrument of preparation. For that, quite specific areas are involved. But, far more deeply, it depends on the long preparation of human childhood. In scientific terms we are neotenous; that is, we come from the womb still as embryos. And perhaps that is why our civilization, our scientific civilization, adores above all else the symbol of the child: the Christ child painted by Raphael and re-enacted by Blaise Pascal; the young Mozart and Gauss; the children in Jean Jacques Rousseau and Charles Dickens. It never struck me that other civilizations are different until I visited Easter Island. There I was struck by the historical difference.

Every so often some visionary invents a new Utopia: Plato, Sir Thomas More, H.G. Wells. And always the idea is that the heroic image shall last, as Hitler said, for a thousand years. But the heroic images always look like the crude, dead, ancestral faces of the statues on Easter Island. That is not the essence of the human personality, even in terms of biology. Biologically, a human being is changeable, sensitive, mutable, fitted to many environments and not static. The real vision of the human being is the child wonder, the Virgin and Child, the Holy Family.

When I was a boy in my teens, I used to walk on Saturday afternoons from the East End of London to the British Museum, in order to look at the single statue from the Easter Islands which somehow they had not got inside the museum. So I am fond of those ancient ancestral faces. But in the end, all of them are not worth one child's face.

Think of the investment that evolution has made in the child's brain. My brain weighs 3 pounds, my body weighs fifty times as much. But when I was born, my body was a mere appendage to the head; it weighed only five or six times as much as my brain. For most of history, civilizations have crudely ignored that enormous potential. For most of history, children have been asked simply to conform to the image of the adult. You see it everywhere in ancient modes of life: the image of the adult shines in the children's eyes. The girls are little mothers in the making. The boys are little herdsmen. They even carry themselves like their parents. History did not stand still between the nomad and the Renaissance; the ascent of man has never come to a stop. But the ascent of the young, the ascent of the talented, the ascent of the imaginative: that became very halting many times in between.



Easter Island

Of course there were great civilizations. Who am I to belittle the civilizations of Egypt, of China, of India, even of Europe in the Middle Ages? And yet by one test they all fail: they limit the freedom of imagination of the young. They are static, and they are minority cultures. Static, because the son does what the father did, and the father what the grandfather did. And minority, because only a tiny fraction of all that talent that mankind produces is actually used; learns to read, learns to write, learns another language, and climbs the terribly slow ladder of promotion.

In the Middle Ages the ladder of promotion was through the Church; there was no other way for a clever, poor boy to go up. And at the top of the ladder there was always the image, the icon of the godhead that said, "Now you have reached the last Commandment: Thou shalt not question." When Erasmus was left an orphan in 1480, he had to prepare for a career in the Church. The services were as beautiful then as now, but the monk's life was for Erasmus an iron door closed against knowledge. Only when he read the classics for himself, in defiance of orders, did the world open for him. "A heathen wrote this to a heathen," he said, "yet it has justice, sanctity, truth. I can hardly refrain from saying, 'Saint Socrates, pray for me!' "

Erasmus made two lifelong friends, Sir Thomas More in England and Johann Frobenius in Switzerland. From More he got what I got when I first came to Eng-

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land, the sense of pleasure in the companionship of civilized minds. From Frobenius he got a sense of the power of the printed book. Frobenius and his family were the great printers of the classics in the 1500s, including the classics of medicine. Their edition of the works of Hippocrates is, I think, one of the most beautiful books ever printed, in which the happy passion of the printer sits on the page as powerful as the knowledge.

What did those three men and their books mean—the works of Hippocrates, More's *Utopia, The Praise of Folly* by Erasmus? To me, this is the democracy of the intellect; and that is why Erasmus and Frobenius and Sir Thomas More stand in my mind as gigantic landmarks of their time. The democracy of the intellect comes from the printed book, and the problems that it set from the year 1500 have lasted right down to the student riots of today. What did Sir Thomas More die of? He died because his king thought of him as a wielder of power. But what More wanted to be, what Erasmus wanted to be, what every strong intellect wants to be, is a guardian of integrity.

There is an age-old conflict between intellectual leadership and civil authority. How old, how bitter, came home to me when I came up from Jericho on the road that Jesus took, and saw the first glimpse of Jerusalem on the skyline as he saw it going to his certain death. Death, because Jesus was then the intellectual and moral leader of his people, but he was facing an establishment in which religion was simply an arm of government. And that is a crisis of choice that leaders have faced over and over again: Socrates in Athens; Jonathan Swift in Ireland, torn between pity and ambition; Mahatma Gandhi in India, and Albert Einstein, when he refused the Presidency of Israel.

I bring in the name of Einstein deliberately because he was a scientist, and the intellectual leadership of the 20th century rests with scientists. That poses a grave problem, because science is also a source of power that walks close to government and that the state wants to harness. But if science allows itself to go that way, the beliefs of the 20th century will fall to pieces in cynicism. We shall be left without belief, because no beliefs can be built up in this century that are not based on science as the recognition of the uniqueness of man, and a pride in his gifts and works. It is not the business of science to inherit the earth, but to inherit the moral imagination; because without that man and beliefs and science will perish altogether.

I must bring that concretely into the present. The man who personifies these issues for me is John von Neumann. He was born in 1903, the son of a Jewish family in Hungary. If he had been born a hundred years earlier, we would never have heard of him. He would have been doing what his father and grandfather did, making rabbinical comments on dogma. Instead, he was a child prodigy of mathematics, "Johnny" to the end of his life. In his teens he already wrote mathematical papers. He did the great work on both the subjects for which he is famous before he was 25.

Both subjects are concerned with play. In a sense all science, all human thought, is a form of play. Abstract thought is the neoteny of the intellect, by which man is able to continue to carry out activities which have no immediate goal (other animals play only while young) in order to prepare himself for long-term strategies and plans.

I worked with Johnny von Neumann during the Second World War in England. He first talked to me about his *Theory of Games* in a taxi in London, and I said to him, since I am an enthusiastic chess player, "You mean, the theory of games like chess." "No, no," he said. "Chess is not a game. Chess is a well-defined form of computation. You may not be able to work out the answers, but in theory there must be a solution, a right procedure in any position. Now real games," he said, "are not like that at all. Real life is not like that. Real life consists of bluffing, of little tactics of deception, of asking yourself what is the other man going to think I mean to do. And that is what games are about in my theory."

In the latter part of his life, John von Neumann carried this subject into what I call his second great creative idea. He realized that computers would be technically important, but he also began to realize that one must understand clearly how real life situations are different from computer situations, exactly because they do not have the precise solutions that chess or engineering calculations

John von Neumann and His Wife Klara in 1954

do. Von Neumann distinguished between short-term tactics and grand, long-term strategies. Tactics can be calculated exactly, but strategies cannot. Johnny's mathematical and conceptual success was in showing that nevertheless there are ways to form *best* strategies.

And in his last years he wrote a beautiful book called *The Computer and the Brain*, the Silliman Lectures that he should have given, but was too ill to give, in 1956. In them he looks at the brain as having a language in which the activities of the different parts of the brain

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have somehow to be interlocked and made to match so that we devise a plan, a procedure, as a grand overall way of life—what in the humanities would be called a system of values.

There was something endearing and personal about Johnny von Neumann. He was the cleverest man I ever knew, without exception. And he was a genius, in the sense that a genius is a man who has *two* great ideas. When he died in 1957 it was a great tragedy to us all. And that was not because he was a modest man. When I worked with him during the war, we once faced a problem together, and he said to me at once, "Oh no, no, you are not seeing it. Your kind of visualizing mind is not right for seeing this. Think of it abstractly. What is happening on this photograph of an explosion is that the first differential coefficient vanishes identically, and that is why what becomes visible is the trace of the second differential coefficient."

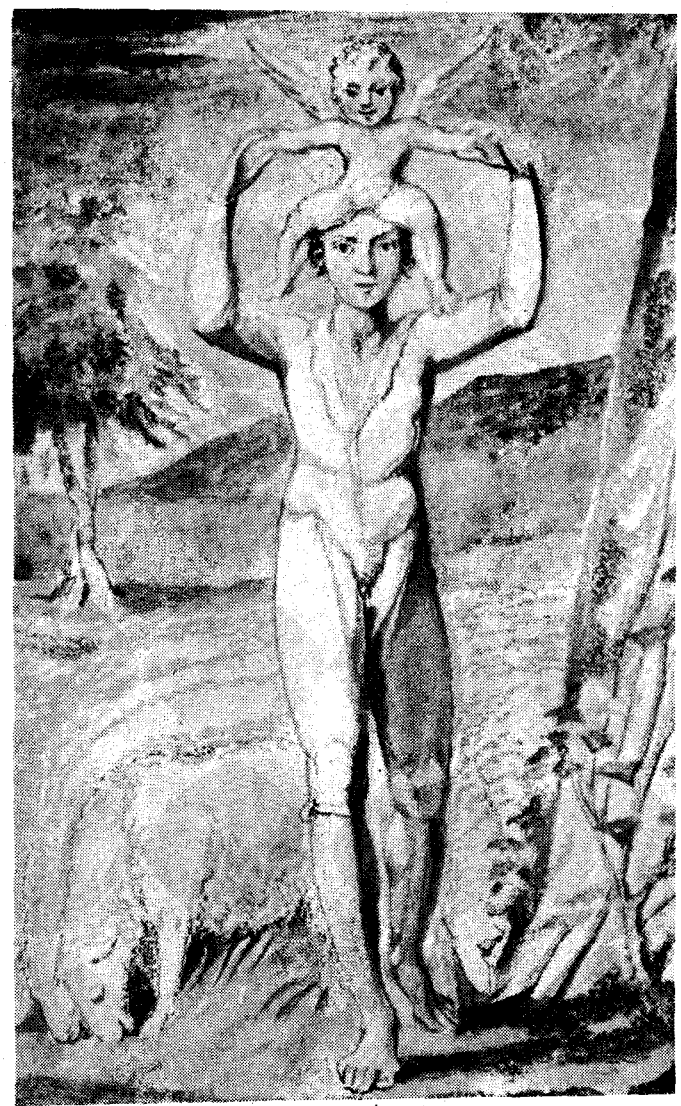
As he said, that is not the way I think. I went off to my laboratory in the country. I worked late into the night, and about midnight I had his answer. John von Neumann always slept very late, so I was kind and did not wake him until well after ten in the morning. When I called his hotel in London, he answered the phone in bed, and I said, "Johnny, you're quite right." And he said to me, "You wake me up early in the morning to tell me that I'm right? Please wait until I'm wrong."

If that sounds very vain, it was not. It was a real statement of how he lived his life. And yet it has something in it which reminds me that he wasted the last years of his life. He never finished the great work that has been very difficult to carry on since his death. And he did not, really, because he gave up asking himself how other *people* see things. He became more and more engaged in work for private firms, for industry, for governments: they were enterprises which brought him to the center of power, but which did not advance either his knowledge or his intimacy with people—who to this day have not yet got the message of what he was trying to do about the human mathematics of life and mind.

Johnny von Neumann was in love with the aristocracy of intellect. And that is a belief which can only destroy the civilization that we know. If we are anything, we must be a democracy of the intellect. We must not perish by the distance between people and government, between people and power, by which Babylon and Egypt and Rome failed. And that distance can be closed only if knowledge sits in the homes and heads of people with no ambition to control others, and not up in the isolated seats of power.

That seems a hard lesson. After all, this is a world run by specialists: is not that what we mean by a scientific society? No, it is not. A scientific society is one in which specialists can indeed do the things like making the electric light work. But it is you, it is I, who have to know how *nature* works, and how (for example) electricity is one of its expressions in the light *and* in the brain.

We have not advanced the human problems of life and mind that once occupied John von Neumann. Will it be possible to find happy foundations for the forms of behavior that we prize in a full man and a fulfilled society? We have seen that human behavior is characterized by a high internal delay in preparation for deferred action. The biological groundwork for this inaction stretches through the long childhood and slow maturation of individual men and women. But deferment of action in man goes far beyond that. Our actions as adults, as decision makers, as human beings, are mediated by values, which I interpret as general strategies in which we balance opposing impulses. It is not true that we run our lives by any computer scheme of problem solving.



William Blake

The problems of life are insoluble in this sense. Instead, we shape our conduct by finding principles to guide it. We devise ethical strategies or systems of values to insure that what is attractive in the short term is weighed in the balance of the ultimate, long-term satisfactions.

And we are really here on a wonderful threshold of knowledge. The ascent of man is always teetering in the balance. There is always a sense of uncertainty, whether when man lifts his foot for the next step it is really going to come down pointing ahead. And what is ahead for

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us? At last the bringing together of all that we have learned, in physics and biology, toward an understanding of where we have come: what man is.

Knowledge is not a loose-leaf notebook of facts. Above all, it is a responsibility for the integrity of what we are, primarily of what we are as ethical creatures. You cannot possibly maintain that informed integrity if you let other people run the world for you while you yourself continue to live out of a rag bag of morals that come from past beliefs. That is really crucial today. Fifty years from now, if an understanding of man's origins, his evolution, his history, his progress is not the commonplace of the schoolbooks, we shall not exist. The commonplace of the schoolbooks of tomorrow is the adventure of today, and that is what we are engaged in.

And I am infinitely saddened to find myself suddenly surrounded in the West by a sense of terrible loss of nerve, a retreat from knowledge into—what? Into Zen Buddhism; into falsely profound questions about, Are we not really just animals at bottom; into extrasensory perception and mystery. They do not lie along the line of what we are now able to know if we devote ourselves to it; an understanding of man himself. We are nature's unique experiment to make the rational intelligence prove itself sounder than the reflex. Knowledge is our destiny. Self-knowledge, at last bringing together the experience of the arts and the explanations of science, waits ahead of us.

It sounds very pessimistic to talk about Western civilization with a sense of retreat. I have been so optimistic about the ascent of man; am I going to give up at this moment? Of course not. The ascent of man will go on. But do not assume that it will go on carried by Western civilization as we know it. We are being weighed in the balance at this moment. If we give up, the next step will be taken—but not by us. We have not been given any guarantee that Assyria and Egypt and Rome were not given. We are waiting to be somebody's past too, and not necessarily that of our future.

We are a scientific civilization: that means, a civilization in which knowledge and its integrity are crucial. Science is only a Latin word for knowledge. If we do not take the next step in the ascent of man, it will be taken by people elsewhere, in Africa, in China. Should I feel that to be sad? No, not in itself. Humanity has a right to change its color. And yet, wedded as I am to the civilization that nurtured me, I should feel it to be infinitely sad. I should feel it a grave loss if a hundred years from now Shakespeare and Newton are historical fossils in the ascent of man, in the way that Homer and Euclid are. □

GUYANA: A DREAM DEFERRED

THOMAS J. SPINNER, Jr.

Slightly more than ten years ago the center of Georgetown, capital of Guyana, was in flames and the world's attention was briefly riveted on the only English-speaking country on the mainland of South America. The CIA shuddered as it contemplated the strength of Cheddi Jagan, Marxist Prime Minister of the then colony, British Guiana. In office since 1957, Jagan seemed destined to bring his country to full independence as the British withdrew. Fidel Castro was already in the Sierra Maestra and one Marxist in this hemisphere was enough for Washington. A second, in command of an independent nation, might presage an epidemic. Something would have to be done, and it was. Dr. Salvador Allende was not the first elected Marxist to be conspired out of office.

When in 1966 British Guiana became Guyana, an independent state within the Commonwealth, Cheddi Jagan was out and Forbes Burnham was Prime Minister. In 1973 their positions remain the same. Guyana is superficially tranquil, but a long fuse is burning near highly combustible material.

This is an extraordinarily "little" country. It is not all that "tiny," its area being equal to that of England, Wales and Scotland combined, but most of the population of just under 800,000 lives on the narrow, coastal plain; the interior is virtually empty, except for Amerindians, some diamond prospectors and a few ranchers. Many people in the north are not aware of Guyana's existence, but it does display some remarkable features. It is the only cooperative republic in the world, the only nation in the Western Hemisphere with a Chinese head of state (Arthur Chung, who has no power) and the only state in this hemisphere whose major population group descends from immigrants from India.

Few remember the attempts of the British, Dutch and French to muscle in on the Spanish and Portuguese areas of South America. For all their pains, they ended up with the three Guianas. French Guiana conjures up the memory of Dreyfus suffering on Devil's Island; Dutch Guiana (Surinam) reminds one that there can be an ethnic quilt even more complex than that of Guyana. But Surinam's population is only about half as large and its history has not been as stormy.

Sugar dominated the economy of British Guiana for many years, and slaves were imported from Africa to work the plantations. In 1833 slavery was abolished in the British Empire and the Africans deserted the sugar estates for the towns. The British searched frantically for a substitute work force. Portuguese, Chinese and East Indian indentured laborers were tried. For a variety of reasons, the Portuguese and Chinese experiments failed, though both groups remain as small but significant minorities, especially active in commerce and the retail trades. Thus India became the primary source of manpower for the plantations. Large numbers of East Indians arrived and many stayed on when their period

Thomas Spinner, Jr., a professor of history at the University of Vermont, recently spent a year teaching in Guyana.

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of servitude was over. They often moved into small-scale rice farming, to escape the grasp of the sugar companies. A high birth rate and the control of malaria after World War II made them a majority of the population by 1970. The East Indians were the people of the countryside, while the Africans became the working class and civil servants of the towns. East Indians remained loyal to their Hindu or Moslem traditions; Africans were Europeanized and Christianized. The Amerindians of the interior are still rather primitive and not important politically.

What existed then in British Guiana, as national consciousness was born in the 1940s, were two roughly equal East Indian and African communities, with small but significant numbers of English, Portuguese and Chinese. The East Indians and the Africans shared a sense of grievance against colonialism, but both tended to regard the "boss" as a relatively fair referee when controversies developed between the two major ethnic communities. No one foresaw that rivalry between the two groups would dominate and distort Guyanese politics and social life after 1955.

In 1951 the Waddington Commission, set up by the Attlee government, reported that the East Indians were to some extent "a community within a community," but change was clearly evident and the commission rejected the notion "that life in British Guiana is dominated by racial tension or that there are not many signs of a heartening development of a truly Guianese outlook." But it was precisely this new willingness of the East Indian to become an integrated Guyanese citizen that was to cause racial trouble. He had previously been criticized by the Africans for remaining aloof; now he was denounced for trying to take African jobs in the civil service, the police and the trade unions. The "coolie," sparked in part by Indian independence, was moving into the city and feeling much more confident than he had before about his chances in life. But there was still ample ground on which East Indians and Africans could unite. They were the poor, exploited masses and could cooperate against the British, the foreign capitalists, and the members of the local bourgeoisie who supported the colonial power.

Even Cheddi Jagan's fiercest opponents acknowledge the great debt which all Guyanese owe to him for his activities in the 1940s when he roused the Guyanese with a vision of their common humanity and their ability to govern themselves. The biting tongue, the elegant presence, and the deep commitment to social justice are still present in the man, but errors and age have taken their toll as Jagan, now in his mid-50s, looks back on a turbulent and once very promising career. The son of an East Indian sugar worker, Jagan came to the United States and obtained a dentistry degree after studying at Howard University and Northwestern. While a student in this country, he married the attractive and much-maligned Janet Rosenberg. They were both deeply interested in socialism, Marxism and anti-colonialism. During World War II this led them to a not unusual sympathy for the Soviet Union which has endured to this day and which remains one of the weakest chinks in Dr. Jagan's armor.

Jagan returned to British Guiana with his wife in the mid-1940s and they helped to organize a study group which became the nucleus of the People's Progressive Party (PPP). Independence and anti-colonialism were in the air and the East Indians and Africans were prepared to cooperate in order to end British rule. A major catch for the PPP was Forbes Burnham, a brilliant lawyer, five years younger than Jagan, who had studied in London and was regarded by many Africans as their most promising leader. Burnham's father had been a Georgetown teacher. Jagan and Burnham swept to a rousing victory in 1953 in the first elections held under universal suffrage.

But the two charismatic leaders—one is usually too many—did not wear well on each other. Each wished to lead the party and to make the major decisions. Burnham also regards himself as a Socialist, but his socialism is much more pragmatic and opportunistic than Jagan's fuzzy Marxism-Leninism. Jagan and Burnham had little time to quarrel during their brief sojourn in office under the Waddington constitution. In less than five months, the British had denounced Jagan as a Communist, sent out some gunboats and suspended the constitution. Critics of both men have argued that they spent too much time running down the constitution rather than attempting to make it work as a step toward independence. Some immature moves were made, but the Churchill government overreacted in the atmosphere of cold-war hysteria which characterized the 1950s. It was the time of John Foster Dulles and growing U.S. concern over Arbenz in Guatemala.

Burnham and Jagan had broken with each other by 1955 and the former was soon to create his own People's National Congress (PNC). Jagan blames the split on Burnham's opportunism and the willingness of Britain and the United States to side with the moderate Socialist, who seemed more flexible and capable of being influenced. Burnham replies that Jagan put the interests of international communism and the Soviet Union above the needs of the Guyanese people. What was required, Burnham contends, was a mixture of Guyanese nationalism and pragmatic socialism. For Jagan, this was a sellout to the imperialists. Each man has a point.

When elections were held again in 1957, Jagan trounced Burnham; he repeated his success in 1961. It was tragically clear that each leader was getting most of his support from his own ethnic group. This opened up certain possibilities for the bourgeoisie. They had been shocked by the Socialist platform of the Jagan-Burnham coalition in 1953, but now that the two men had split there was little doubt that they preferred Burn-

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New York Times

Cheddi Jagan

ham as the lesser evil. Despair enveloped middle-class hearts after the 1961 elections, for it seemed certain that Jagan would shortly bring British Guiana to independence. But the elections, conducted under the system of winner-take-all constituencies, revealed an interesting fact. By this time a third political party of importance was in the field. Putting together a number of anti-Socialist groups and the wealthy people of the country, Peter d'Aguiar, a successful Portuguese businessman, organized the United Force. Jagan had won twenty seats with just under 43 per cent of the vote, while Burnham, with many of his supporters concentrated in Georgetown, had garnered only eleven seats, though his party obtained some 41 per cent of the vote. The United Force took just over 16 per cent of the vote and four seats. There might, after all, be a way to dump Jagan: proportional representation and a PNC-UF coalition.

In 1962 the Jagan government introduced a very sensible budget which was used as a pretext by Burnham, d'Aguiar, the CIA and the AFL-CIO-sponsored American Institute for Free Labor Development to topple the PPP administration. Riots, arson and strikes against Jagan soon followed, since Georgetown, a city of more than 100,000, was a Burnham stronghold. The Africans were powerful in the civil service, the police and the trade unions of the city. The large number of unemployed in Georgetown always provide additional shock troops. Jagan, humiliated, was forced to ask for the help of the British Army. Africans and East Indians began to segregate themselves throughout the country.

That was the background situation when independence discussions began with British Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys in 1963. Burnham and d'Aguiar insisted that new elections based upon proportional representation precede independence. Jagan objected, calling for immediate independence. When agreement proved impossible, Jagan made the mistake of his political life—he agreed that Sandys, a mediocre Conservative politician, should make the final decision himself. Jagan trusted the umpire not to change the rules in the last five minutes of the game. Sandys granted Burnham and d'Aguiar more than they had ever dreamed possible. He decreed that, before independence, new elections would be held on the basis of proportional representation, with the entire nation regarded as a single constituency.

Now Jagan turned to violence and strikes in order to sabotage the new constitution. His tactics failed. When the votes were tallied, his party came in first with almost 46 per cent of the total and twenty-four seats. Under the old system the PPP would have obtained twenty seats and a comfortable majority of five over the PNC with thirteen and the UF with two. But with proportional representation Burnham's 40.5 per cent of the vote gave the PNC twenty-two seats, and the UF's 12.4 per cent provided d'Aguiar with seven seats. Cheddi Jagan was unceremoniously removed from office. Power was never really his, since he never governed an independent Guyana.

In 1966 Forbes Burnham obtained independence for Guyana within the Commonwealth. With the British gone and having control of the electoral machinery, he set out to rid himself of d'Aguiar and to make sure that he would lose no more elections. D'Aguiar even flirted briefly with Jagan, thereby further discrediting both men, before retiring from politics to his brewing, distilling and other business interests. He does make a fine beer and an excellent rum.

The elections of 1968 were characterized by numerous charges of fraud against the Burnham government. British newspapers and television have demonstrated that some illegality was involved, especially with regard to the massive increase in overseas votes. The PNC won thirty seats, while the PPP had nineteen and the UF four.

Jagan continued to sit in Parliament, though some militants urged abstention, but the PPP was in disarray. A few members drifted to the PNC, but racial animosity kept most from that course. Parliamentary elections were held last summer and again the PNC was denounced for electoral cheating. People wondered if Burnham would have the audacity to claim two-thirds of the seats, so

New York Times

Forbes Burnham

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ould amend the constitution without having to about opposition support. He did. The PNC d itself with 70 per cent of the vote, the PPP assigned 27 per cent, and the UF was in collapse.

Jagan has decided to boycott Parliament but that is not likely to be very effective. Press freedom is also under attack. The government, in effect, runs the *Daily Chronicle,* one of the two morning newspapers. The other, the *Guyana Graphic* (part of the Thomson chain), is still a provocative newspaper and in Rickey Singh, it has the nation's most acute political commentator. But the government has great influence and even the most independent editor may be inclined to hesitate. Jagan's newspaper, the *Mirror,* one of the two afternoon dailies, is periodically denied newsprint.

Both Jagan and Burnham have lost many of their once idealistic supporters. Burnham is criticized for corruption; Jagan is denounced for his preoccupation with abstract ideology. Burnham has little confidence in his own party, which he periodically purges; he tends to rely more and more on technocrats and civil servants. It should be said that his government does contain a number of talented East Indians.

Jagan and his wife appear to make most party decisions on their own and to be more concerned with East Germany and the Arab-Israeli dispute than with Guyanese problems. The nation is weary of both these men who have so long dominated Guyanese life, but ethnic fears impel support for either Burnham or Jagan rather than attempts to find successors for them both. One is left with the disturbing fact that a large black minority is denying basic political and social rights to an East Indian majority. While proportional representation was attractive to the PNC in the context of 1963-64, it contains the seeds of ultimate disaster for the Africans if Guyana remains split on racial lines and if genuinely honest elections ever take place. The East Indians are already a majority and continue to increase more rapidly than the Africans.

There is still much poverty and unemployment in the country. Large crowds congregate outside the betting parlors in Georgetown and long lines wait for visas to the United States. It is unfortunately the fact that many Guyanese have given up on their own country. The United States maintains a large AID mission which has undertaken some good projects. We have wagered heavily on Burnham in order to keep Jagan out of power, and Burnham, quite rightly, has been prepared to take assistance from anyone if it helps Guyana. The People's Republic of China has been recognized and has established an embassy and a small assistance program. The Russians are now rushing to set up a residential embassy. Cuba has been recognized and Burnham, who denounced Castro for aiding Jagan in 1962-64, now entertains the Cuban leader. Jagan solaces himself with visits to Moscow and the German Democratic Republic.

Burnham seized another of Jagan's planks when he nationalized the bauxite mines owned by an Alcoa subsidiary in 1971. Satisfactory compensation was arranged and it appears that Burnham will move against Reynolds Aluminum in the near future. Guyana's bauxite is another reason for U.S. interest in the country. The ore has joined sugar and rice as one of Guyana's three major export products. Thus Guyana is dependent for its welfare on the prices those three products can command in the world market.

In order to demonstrate his commitment to socialism, Burnham in 1970 turned Guyana into a Cooperative Republic within the Commonwealth. This led to the election of Arthur Chung as President. The Prime Minister was trying to demonstrate that there was yet another form of socialism, better geared to Guyana, than either the feeble reformism of democratic socialism or the Marxism-Leninism of Jagan and the Soviet Union. But the cooperative sector of the economy is still comparatively weak. In the summer of 1972, Georgetown played host to the Conference of Non-Aligned States and this was followed by the first Caribbean Festival (Carifesta). Burnham is also interested in regional cooperation and has moved toward a Caribbean Common Market with Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados. Many of the smaller islands have been hesitant about the activities of their "more-developed" brothers, and Guyana's East Indians fear they might be submerged in a sea of blacks. Some Guyanese feel that their future must be found in the opening up of the interior and they look to the construction of roads and a linking up with the highway which the Brazilians are now struggling to complete along the Amazon River. There are great possibilities but the cost will be high and it will never be done without the mobilization of the masses.

Unfortunately most of Guyana's East Indians believe that the bulk of government spending is channeled to the African community in order to maintain the base of the Prime Minister's support. Some East Indians even look across the Corentyne River to their kinsmen in Surinam, which claims a large chunk of Guyana, as does Venezuela in the West. The appearance of the Guyana Defense Force on the streets of Georgetown always brings a mutter of disgust to East Indian lips. To them it is the Black Defense Force, designed to be used against them if it should be necessary. They feel much the same about the police and the civil service, where Africans far outnumber East Indians.

Cheddi Jagan, Forbes Burnham and Peter d'Aguiar are not unlike politicians and human beings the world over. One can find idealism, pragmatism, realism, pettiness and lust for power in all three men. But it can surely be argued that twenty years are more than enough. Guyana deserves better. A sweet, gentle people has allowed demagogues to divide them. Racial politics has led this nation to the dead end of Jagan's absurd Marxism-Leninism, Burnham's Renaissance-style corruption and dictatorial practices, and d'Aguiar's detestation for equality and social justice. Only the Guyanese masses—East Indians, Africans, Portuguese, Chinese, Amerindians, British—will be able to extricate themselves from the quicksand in which they now find themselves. Their leaders have failed them. The great dreams of 1953—when Jagan and Burnham walked together—have not been realized. "What happens to a dream deferred?" asked Langston Hughes. "Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun? . . . Or does it explode?" □

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A report on equal opportunity employment policies and practices at General Motors.

In General Motors we have coupled our commitment to equal opportunity with extensive programs of training and development. Their purpose is to enable our employes—minorities, women and others—to take better advantage of the opportunities which await them in our organization.

One of our difficulties in recruiting more minority employes and women is that many of GM's white-collar jobs require some engineering and technical training. Traditionally, however, few minorities or women have studied engineering. So, even as we recruit intensively at institutions with engineering and technical curricula, including predominantly black and women's colleges, we must take other, more direct, steps to qualify more minorities and women for engineering jobs.

For example: General Motors maintains and operates a five-year cooperative engineering college: the General Motors Institute in Flint, where today 3,000 students are earning degrees, most of them in engineering and industrial administration. They alternate periods of study at the Institute with paid work assignments at GM divisions. One of the great advantages of the GMI system is that its graduates are assured good management or professional jobs and an opportunity to progress at General Motors. The entrance requirements at GMI are stiff. They compare with those at the best engineering schools in the country. A pre-freshman program has been established to qualify applicants who were not able to receive adequate preparation for engineering studies in high school. Currently, 88 minority students and 31 women are in this program. This is paying off in the number of minority and women students at GMI. Eight

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years ago we had only 13 minority students at GMI. Two years ago we had 167. This year we have 412.

There are relatively few women graduate engineers. Last year, for example, in the entire United States only 493 bachelor degrees in engineering were conferred upon women. They represented 1.1% of the total bachelor degrees earned in engineering during 1972.

Last year 112 women were enrolled at GMI. This fall, there are 247 women, 8.3% of the total GMI enrollment.

We expect—indeed we know—that these young men and women will be among the managers of General Motors in the years to come. All that is needed is their continued efforts, our continued resolve, and time.

Several programs have been established throughout the Corporation to assist employes who may wish to continue their formal education. GM has a Tuition Refund Plan and a Graduate Fellowship Plan which last year refunded $2.9 million to employes who completed courses in recognized educational institutions. And we place special emphasis on increasing the number of minority and women employes in skilled trades. Pre-apprentice training programs at many GM plants develop the technical skills of prospective candidates for skilled-trade apprenticeships.

By such efforts, we are making long strides in short time. We are bringing minorities and women into General Motors, placing them in the mainstream of opportunity, and training, educating, and preparing them for higher positions. Our goal is nothing short of full equality of opportunity throughout our organization—and we are moving toward this goal.

Several years ago we made a significant shift in our thinking. We had always been against discrimination, but we decided then that just to be *against* was no longer enough. We chose a more positive, more affirmative role. We committed the Corporation to work not only to prevent discrimination, but to promote equal opportunity in employment. Then, and since then, we have made it very plain that it is the continuing policy of General Motors to provide equal opportunity for every American in every area of our business.

We are convinced that this policy—positive rather than negative, active rather than passive—is the right one. It is right because it not only fulfills the let-

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ter of the law, but reaches to the spirit of our American commitment to equality.

Our record at General Motors has a special quality enhanced by GM's tradition of success. General Motors is successful because it applies rigid standards for advancement to all employes. The rewards and incentives are high, and so are the standards of performance necessary to achieve them. When an employe progresses in General Motors, he or she can be sure that recognition has been earned. Everyone who knows General Motors knows this is so.

Here are a few figures. The percentage of minority employment in GM grew from 11.2% of our U.S. work force in 1965 to 16.7% by the end of 1972. And since then, the 16.7% has climbed to over 17%.

This is progress, and significantly the gains of minorities in white-collar jobs have been more rapid. Minority Americans in these jobs increased from 1.7% in 1965 to about 4.7% in 1971. Just a year later, the 4.7% became 7.1%, and today the percentage of minority employes with white-collar jobs in General Motors is over 8.4%.

In 1965, women accounted for 12.9% of our work force. By December 1972, the number had increased to 13.9%, and today the percentage of women in the GM work force is 15.1%. Of the managers, technicians and professionals at GM in 1965, eleven hundred were women. By the end of 1971, the number had increased to 1600, and as of the end of last year the number was 2800. And since then, it has climbed to 3900.

Percentages and numbers are cold, but these represent in General Motors 113,000 minority Americans and 97,000 women earning for themselves and their families the employment opportunity they deserve. They are more than numbers—they are real human stories—over 210,000 of them. And the number is growing every day.

And every job in General Motors, white-collar or blue-collar, is a good job. The average hourly employe who works in our plants earns more than $12,500. Their wages alone—not counting fringes—place these employes in at least the upper one-fourth income bracket in the United States.

We know that equal opportunity in employment is not up to the employe alone. The person who does the hiring and the promoting is crucial. So we train not only employes, but we train mana-

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gers as well. We teach them how to take positive action to speed upward mobility throughout the Corporation.

In January 1972, this message was given to our Personnel Directors: "As you are all aware, the policy of General Motors Corporation is that everyone will be given an equal opportunity in employment without regard to his or her race, religion, or national origin. This is the policy of General Motors, and every member of management must implement this policy.

"Now, there may be many personal prejudices in connection with this problem. These are being expressed in different ways throughout the country, and each person is entitled to his own opinion. However, the position of GM in these matters is unmistakably clear: there is no room for prejudice in General Motors —and we mean just that. If we have any person at management level in any GM facility who cannot function within this policy, or is not giving it full attention, then he will simply no longer be able to work for General Motors."

We are making progress, but the effort is hard. Progress does not come easily. It requires hard work and dogged dedication—day after day. But it is worth the effort. Minorities and women in General Motors are earning their way to economic equality, gaining—day by difficult day. They are getting there—surely. A number of minorities and women are now in top positions. Hundreds more are just below them, and thousands more a level down, and throughout the Corporation there are more than a hundred and thirteen thousand minority Americans and ninety-seven thousand women—all working, all earning opportunity.

No one can doubt the commitment of General Motors to full employment equality. Neither should anyone doubt the certainty of its eventual achievement.

GM cares about cars. GM cares about people too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

General Motors

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create a dangerous imbalance in the affairs of nations and individuals. The first hearings ever held are taking place with representatives of these corporations at U.N. headquarters in New York and Geneva.

As far as the non-association of young people, this is only the case for the "old countries." Many diplomats of Africa are under 35, and the youth of the Third World, perhaps mistakenly, has a great faith and a keen interest in the United Nations. Unfortunately, the delegates to the 1970 U.N. Youth Assembly displayed the same nationalistic attitude as did the regular diplomats, but in a more violent manner, and a large group of youth organizations, recently consulted in a seminar, offered very few original ideas and came up with the same bureaucratic suggestions as their elders.

(*4*) Miss Hazzard is 100 per cent right when she denounces the apathy in the U.N. toward the war in Indochina, and gross violations of human rights by a large number of member states. (The United Nations' record on human rights is dismal indeed and the activities of its organs specializing in that field reflect almost exclusively government policies, polemics and propaganda, with little or no concern for the individual, or for causes not espoused by a government.) But if she denounces the inability of the U.N.—that is, in fact, member governments—to put an end to war, as the preamble of the Charter piously proclaims, she substitutes for the action or inaction of governments the intervention of a new god: "the public," who, in her view, could, by criticism and imagination, infuse the organization with a sense of immediacy and the outline of a solution.

Would Miss Hazzard claim that the "public," however ardent and motivated, could solve the Middle East conflict? The influence of the American public in the ending of the American intervention in Vietnam was that of a cohesive and informed national group on its own national government. But what is "the public" of many nations? How any better than governments is it to come to a consensus in the conflicts and wars which divide these nations? I am afraid such illusions are as vain as those which put such faith in the U.N. in 1945.

In the course of its history, the U.N. intervened decisively only when big powers agreed that it should, or if one pushed a course to which the other did not object. The U.N. went into Korea as an umbrella for an American military action, only because the Soviet Union was absent from the Security Council on that day and therefore did not use its veto. Even Dag Hammarskjöld, a man of considerable diplomatic skill and messianic views, could act in Suez in 1956 only because Washington and Moscow both opposed the Anglo-French-Israeli expedition. The Congo operation, which he devised as a "U.N. presence in a vacuum" was made possible at the beginning only by the coincidence of American fears of a Soviet implantation in Africa and Soviet official concern for neocolonialism. When Soviet and other support was withdrawn, the operation collapsed and Hammarskjöld found a tragic death when he was in any case at the end of the road.

The latest involvement of the U.N. in the Middle East with a new peace-keeping force and a functional mediating role is solidly based on a joint American-Soviet policy.

Miss Hazzard's thesis, as expounded in her latest book, *Defeat of an Ideal,* that the U.N.'s downfall was primarily caused by the weakness and poor moral standards of its higher civil servants and the lack of stamina of successive Secretaries-General is not supported by the facts.

(*5*) I don't know where Shirley Hazzard has found a "reverence" by the press for the United Nations, except in house organs. Most correspondents do not share it. They do not extol the U.N., neither do they cry for it. There are, as a matter of fact, very few American correspondents left at the U.N. on a regular basis. They, as do most of the non-American journalists, report on the U.N. factually, and some of them engage in independent investigative reporting, without any guarantee of publication, since the U.N. has difficulty competing with other news sources nowadays. Most U.N. news stories are published by wire services, for clients all over the world. The U.N. press corps comes into its own with a sense of great satisfaction when the U.N. does emerge as a force on the political world scene, as it did recently in the latest Middle East crisis.

Anne Tuckerman
U.N. Correspondent for Agence France-Presse
and The Nation
President, U.N. Correspondents Association

make way for bikes

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: Amitai Etzioni's interesting article, "Anti-Pollution: Carrot or Stick?" [*The Nation,* Oct. 8] warrants elaboration on one crucial point, and that is that during the last three years a sufficient number of positively committed citizens *have* joined hands with regard to "attractive alternatives to driving," and most notably: those on bicycles.

Currently there are bicycle groups in approximately thirty American cities—lobbying for bicycle streets and adequate bike-parking facilities—which if polled would readily agree that an extreme such as the automobile is best confronted by another extreme, in this case, the bicycle. That such a "dialectic" is at work in our society is confirmed by, among other things, comparative sales. Last year more bikes than cars were sold in the United States, and this trend is continuing; by 1976 it's expected that there'll be more bikes than cars *on the road.* Relevant to this phenomenon, of course, is the fact that the average car in the United States carries 1.3 passengers, and that 60 per cent of all car trips are 5 miles or less, i.e., potential bike trips.

The point is that alternatives to the car, and specifically what we call *rapid* transit, will inevitably develop once the car becomes sufficiently obsolete. In the interim, a form of *mass* transit is most clearly on the increase, a mode which is being adopted massively and spontaneously . . . is at once personal and social. Historically speaking, then, the most destructive and wasteful of vehicles is being replaced by the most efficient and healthful of vehicles. . . .

John Dowlin, Coordinator, Philadelphia Bicycle Coalition

shrewd to a fault

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: In your November 26th editorial on the effects of Watergate on local elections, you referred to Pittsburgh's Mayor Pete (not Peter) Flaherty as "shrewd." Since this single sentence about Flaherty follows directly after observations about defeats of law-and-order men, and the victories of black mayors in several cities, I assume that the word "shrewd," when applied to Flaherty, is to be taken as a compliment.

Contrary to popular opinion outside of Pittsburgh, Flaherty is *not* a liberal Mayor. True, in 1969 he defeated the Democratic machine with the slogan "Pete is Nobody's Boy," but he has continued to be "nobody's boy" ever since.

His major claim to fame is his austerity, which has led not only to tax cuts but also to continued deterioration of the city and a total disregard of the needs of the communities. Several hundred people on the city payroll—not administrators but janitors and secretaries—have been fired since his first administration, and he has not filled positions vacated by attrition. Thus, each year his budget shows a surplus. . . .

In the May primaries, Flaherty won the Democratic, Republican and Constitutional nominations. He defeated a liberal who had the backing of every organization in the city, from Left to Right. Flaherty had no backing, and ran no campaign, but the people knew he was saving them a few dollars in taxes. So, of course, he achieved a resounding victory in November. Flaherty has been inaccessible to the press, to the blacks and to any community groups which have attempted to see him. . . . He's shrewd, all right, and he will be a hard man to defeat, should he decide to run for governor. . . .

Joni Rabinowitz

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Man Who Invented the 19th Century

BALZAC. *By V. S. Pritchett. Illustrated. Alfred A. Knopf. 272 pp. $15.*

MORRIS RENEK

That marvelous title, *La Comédie humaine* (The Human Comedy), is the wrong one. It reflects Balzac's quantity not his quality. The original title, *Etudes de moeurs* (Studies in Manners), is closer to the mark. Balzac is writing about victims. His famous saying that wealth begins with a crime means—within the context of *La Comédie humaine*—that wealth begins with a crime but don't call the police because there's nothing to be done about it. That, if you are looking for comedy—in the sense of humor rather than drama—is the Balzac laugh.

Balzac's prodigious output could amount to as much as fourteen novels in one year. He worked on three or four at a time. Yet the range of his admirers is awesome: Proust, Dreiser, Hugo, Henry Miller, Marx, Engels, Yeats and Henry James, to name a few. Then why did an acute French writer recently rank Zola above Balzac, and why should one feel any inclination to agree? Harry Levin characterized the Balzac monument as politely as possible: "Its impressive structure and its uneven texture are better appreciated from a distance. . . ." James recognized Balzac's "faults of pedantry, ponderosity, pretentiousness, bad taste and charmless form."

The arabesque James and the headlong Balzac had much in common. They sought to reveal their most complex characters through the machinery, however disguised in James's case, of melodrama. They went in for stagy villains. They fantasized the upper classes; the poor were barely among the living. Alas for Balzac, the poor were untouched by the Industrial Revolution. Missing the effects of the Industrial Revolution will not disqualify a novelist from greatness, but in Balzac, the self-appointed secretary of history, it is a failing hard to overlook. Nevertheless, James's art of exposing characters under the pressure of being trapped is a hypnotic copy of the technique perfected by Balzac.

Morris Renek is completing a novel on the founding of the Las Vegas Strip soon to be published by Knopf.

No novelist portrayed with such crazed interest the trap closing on the too-late-enlightened victim, at the same time giving the reader the joy of the trapper over his catch. If a rope is thrown to a drowning Balzac hero, it will eventually go around his neck—which is why it was thrown to him in the first place. Balzac creates characters so trusting that one winces for their safety. But then one finds that the clod Balzac is subtle: those characters often are as greedy as they are trusting. We double a corner and meet their opposing selves.

The Balzac heroes are victims. Whether they are going up to Paris with illusions or claiming money rightfully theirs, the adventure will slowly change them, poisoning them before their own eyes. They are fated to be duped, yet they have a mirror into their own hearts—and that is why they live for the reader. Fight, maneuver, twist and compromise as the victim may, he is caught. Why? Making an impression is the first step toward making money, but the impression the hero-victim must make is at war with his character; he can only conquer if he is his own enemy. There is no other way because he must succeed within the system, which has more respect for protocol than for law. And he doesn't want a revolution now or ever because he is living in the aftermath of one. The victims come from business, the military, the clergy. No profession affords the education that can safeguard a man from the inadequacies of his own heart.

Balzac accomplished what he set out to do, and that was to write an "Epic of the Bourgeoisie." It wasn't completed, but no one can mistake its power. "Would that this story might be the Epic of the Bourgeoisie; there are dealings of Fate with man which inspire no voice because they lack grandeur, yet they are even for that very reason immense; for this is not the story of an isolated soul, but of a whole nation of sorrows." His intimacy with tradesmen has no rival; not the great Dickens, not Zola can match him. When Balzac is inside an entrepreneur's skin he is seamless. He catches the rhythm of their plodding, their conscientiousness, how their wives dream, their myths about authors and artists, their ignorance of the merchandise they sell, their stiff will and mandatory suspicion, their uncanny intuition and ambition which can size up their own place in society in a flash of hatred. There is always the Balzac beginning: "His eyes were too fixedly set upon the success and wealth that should purchase absolution for a system of morals which worked thus not to be successful."

Balzac's endings are his worst failings. His hero-victims drip into resignation and a kind of forgiveness. Their thoughts have nowhere to go but up. Consider who is usually being forgiven: a man whose ambitions make it seem logical to him to exploit others; who works on the victim's sense of decency. The more crimes overlooked, the more favors done for him, the more secretly hateful he becomes until acts of decency drive him into a raving revenge. He keeps the upper hand because he is conscious of his every action while others go carelessly into his trap. The same traits apply when it is a woman springing the trap. Thus, when a Balzac character melts into forgiving the viper of his destruction, it is popcorn time in *La Comédie humaine*.

The classic wisecrack about Balzac is that the chief protagonist in his novels is the franc, and like any good crack it holds enough of a truth to lead one astray. In Balzac, money is merely iron filings magnetized into patterns, and the force that arranges them in those patterns is a metaphysical one. He wrote that people are evil before they are born. That gives away the game before it begins, and leads to those hapless endings.

In his own life Balzac was an amateur about money. He habitually threw it away on bizarre junk that may nevertheless have mysteriously filled some useful function. When his sister laughed at the absurd sums of money with which he endowed his characters, it went in one ear and out the other. He borrowed money without repaying it from his mother, who was living on her savings and had already contributed heavily to the upkeep of her famous son. Women who had affairs with him were made to foot not only their bills but his as well. Gigolo? Not everyone's idea of one, with his ugly, stumpy appearance and missing teeth—and of course, he had to get back to his real work at night. A book on

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Balzac, money and women would be fascinating if it brought some light to this area that is so logical in his novels and so cuckoo in his life. With Balzac there is always the suspicion that money and women amount to a redundancy because they were both coin of the realm. All in all, this dandyish figure, who was big on self-promotion and knew that the best advertising is most idiotic, is not an inspiration.

But if Balzac did not have a bookkeeper's awe of the bottom line, he knew the power of money, the glow of possession, the frenzy at having none, and the demonic charge in spending it as well as hoarding it. The torpor of a Balzac novel magically disappears as soon as the question of money arises. At that point, the hero comes onto the battlefield. If he is young, he is insecure, middle class, and living in an empire in decline—and he must make his way up. He wants desperately to succeed and is appalled by the rottenness he touches in feverishly corrupt men and icily corrupt women whom he must use and emulate in order to get ahead. V.S. Pritchett quotes Vautrin's advice to the young Rastignac:

> Paris you see is like a forest in the New World [Balzac was drenched in the few Cooper novels available] where you have to deal with a score of varieties of savages who live off the proceeds of their social hunting. You are a hunter of millions. To catch your millions you set your snares. Some hunt heiresses, others a legacy; some fish for souls, yet others sell their clients hand and foot. The man who brings home most game will be praised, feted and received into good society.

There is another quotation revealing how well the secretary of history could do his homework:

> There are no such things as principles: there are only events, there are no laws but those of expediency. . . . A man is not obliged to be more particular than the nation.

The text running through this profusely illustrated volume is not vintage Pritchett, though it will do nicely enough. Mr. Pritchett's wit, his lean and telling prose, are well married to the pace of the illustrations. His essay is not so much literary criticism as it is genial biography. The essential narrative path is along Balzac's love life with older women, and the study as a whole provides a reliable background to the novels.

One always looks forward to reading Pritchett. Here he is, on another occasion, gracefully riding under the curl of the then mounting tidal wave of belief that the serious Dickens is the important Dickens:

> It [Dickens's comic world] is an alternative world to that of ordinary experience and as valid as the poetic which it often criticizes or inverts. It is true that, in the narrow sense of being humorous, Dickens is not continually comic; one can, more accurately, call him picturesque, theatrical, Gothic; even so, it is impossible to divide a writer into sections which have no relationship with each other. We cannot separate the comic from the indignant, sermonizing, melodramatic, revolutionary or murderous Dickens, for the comic, in him, was not mere comic relief. . . . The Veneerings are a way of laughing at the obsession with money in Victorian society; and that laughter is joined to the hatred and despair Dickens felt about it. It is above all in the comic Dickens that we find the artist who resolved for a moment the violent conflicts in his disorderly genius and who has found, what all the greatest artists have sought, the means of forgiving life.

In terms of that last phrase, Balzac suffers badly. He enjoyed his gargoyles, his opportunists, his liars, his amoral careerists—for, as Pritchett makes plain, he was one of them. Balzac's strong suit is represented in the words of Derville in *Colonel Chabert*: ". . . Why talk such nonsense to a lawyer who can read hearts?" Forgiveness was another form of melodrama. Pritchett lights up this book with his definition: "Melodrama in a novel is a way of covering up, or of getting round an emotional block or conflict which the novelist and perhaps his society are unable to face or resolve."

Besides the melodrama that now eats away the credibility of Balzac's novels, there is a Gothic streak, a holdover from Balzac's struggle as a free-lance writer of Gothic pornography and his reading of Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis. One of Balzac's predecessors, the Marquis de Sade, who started by scorning the novel and eventually came to extol it as a medium of truth, put the vogue of the Gothic novel in perspective:

> . . . This genre, no matter what one says about it, is not without its special merits; it has become the indispensable fruit of the revolutionary shocks which all Europe has felt. For those who are familiar with all the misfortunes which

WE HAVE NO DEAD

I think of an Indian who is not confused
By plumbing and thick pavement,
But walks to a bleak valley under the street
Where he lay on the bare earth one winter night,
Hungry, muscles aching with the effort to be still.
He received his name from that quiet valley,
First Winter Snow, they called him.
Now he descends between electric cables
And the stifling odor of tar,
To where sumac pods rasp in the wind
And leafless twigs spurt from the frozen slicks.

Earth mixed with child-dust,
Flowers bending with ancestral ease,
Bee sounds, coughs of the wind.
They are sounds made by the dead
Who stroke our breasts and touch our mouths,
Making words out of great silences.
Only the streets of the city can be wholly empty.
Their grime-colored walls, the flat words of man-speech
Mutilate the dead as we are mutilated,
Knowing only daylight and throats of flesh,
And trees without names.

You come in the colorless hours,
Piercing the invisible wall we build
In our flesh, to divide us from the dead.
We call it life, pitifully ignorant
Of what our cells know, rising
From the undisturbed floor and the graves of seed,
Into our faces which move ponderously,
Masking the heaven of the dead.

Paul Zweig

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. . . assail men, the novel has become as difficult to write as monotonous to read: for there is hardly an individual who has not undergone in the space of four or five years more misfortunes than could be depicted by the most gifted novelist in the space of a hundred.

Balzac was an omnivorous reader, and the novels of Scott were his undoing. *Les Chouans*, Balzac's first try as a serious novelist, is faithful to what is wearisome in Scott, whose best novels deserve a new appraisal to go along with Edgar Johnson's *Life*. Scott believed—and practiced his belief, though it may be difficult to convince readers of it—that the only purpose of a plot was to serve as a frame on which to hang the finer things that writing can convey. Those torpid openings of Balzac can be laid at Scott's door. Having said this, one also has to admit Balzac was a keen observer of Scott. He saw immediately that Scott was either a ninny about women or, as was in fact the case, that his English audience demanded that a heroine be forever suspended in a state of grace, like cheese from the rafters. Balzac's gamier women came in three sexes: males, neuters, and females who engaged in adultery as a tradesman mechanically opens his shop each morning in the hope of profit.

Cooper, Scott, Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis are exotic, non-French influences. But Balzac did borrow from a genius, Stendhal, and wrote a study that revealed his own happiness at reading a first-rate novel, *The Charterhouse of Parma*. He was quite conscious of the value to his age of the novel in general. Today, when the novel is losing its standing as a bearer of truth, a reader who wants to know about 19th-century France or England or Russia turns nevertheless to the novelists of those countries.

Balzac (1799-1850) was described by a wit as having invented the 19th century, and Edmund Wilson called him an anatomist of society. It is certainly true that Balzac exemplified the standard suggested by another observation of de Sade: ". . . . the engraving tool employed by history doesn't depict [man] until he has [fully revealed] himself. Then he is no longer himself; ambition and pride cover his brow with a mask which shows only these two passions and not the man. The paintbrush of the novel, by contrast, gets at the inner man, catches him when the mask is down, and gives a truer sketch of him. That is the utility of the novel. . . ."

It has been said that the French didn't know they looked like that until they saw themselves in Balzac's novels. A grand tribute. While he was not the most popular novelist of his day, nor the most famous—Hugo was that—he is himself a great tribute to the French reading public that applauded him.

Pritchett has two favorites among the novels of *La Comédie humaine*: *Lost Illusions* and *Le Père Goriot*. I would choose *César Birotteau* and a long short story, "The Vicar of Tours." The best collection for a reader as yet unfamiliar with the works is *The Short Novels of Balzac* (Dial). A century and three-quarters after his birth, it is still enlightening to read Balzac—and be reminded that the novel as popular entertainment could educate a nation. □

The Dyer's Hand—& Heart & Brain

CRAFT AND CONSCIOUSNESS: Occupational Technique and the Development of World Images. *By Joseph Bensman and Robert Lilienfeld. John Wiley & Sons. 369 pp. $13.95.*

SEYMOUR LEVENTMAN

The notion that images of the world or "habits of the mind" are shaped by thought patterns associated with occupational roles is intriguing if not novel. It is traceable at least as far back as the writings of the great Islamic philosopher-statesman Ibn Khaldun (1332-1406). One of his central interests was the correlation between certain personality types and specific occupations, e.g., the hardy and communal-minded camel drivers as opposed to the individualistic and sedentary agriculturalists. In Volume II of his major work, the *Muqaddimma*, Ibn Khaldun discusses various crafts at length, dividing them into three types: those concerned with making a living, those concerned with thought, and those concerned with politics. In dealing with the social psychology of craft, he indicates that since a craft becomes a habit of thought and action, a person who has acquired the habit of a particular craft is rarely able thereafter to master another. Furthermore, certain crafts, particularly writing and calculation, sharpen the rational intelligence and the ability to draw inferences from abstract principles. These traits, Ibn Khaldun argues, go to make up the administrative mentality which reduces human problems to issues solvable by speculation and deductive reasoning. Ibn Khaldun does not describe the "world views" of all the crafts he discusses, but clearly he anticipated Thorstein Veblen's "habit of mind," to which the present authors pay deserved homage.

Joseph Bensman is well known to sociologists for his unusually perceptive studies of social class, art and mass culture, as well as the classic *Small Town in Mass Society*. Robert Lilienfeld is also a fine sociologist, and his reputation should be established by this work. In a field not especially distinguished for its broad erudition and for intellectuality, *Craft and Consciousness* is a remarkable exception. The book is a distinctive contribution to the sociology of knowledge, the attempt to relate knowledge to particular social, political and historical forces; the enterprise in question is concerned with discovering the sources of knowledge in time and place rather than with testing its inherent validity. This approach grows out of the famous statement of Karl Marx that it is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence but the existence of men that determines their consciousness. Marx relates the forms and content of knowledge to the class position of the knower and to the character of the class structure in which he occupies that position. Bensman and Lilienfeld waste no time in presenting their critique of this viewpoint: class is rarely the basis of social perspective; occupation is a much more important determinant. Furthermore, "occupational perspectives do not necessarily lead to class perspectives." These perspectives are related to specific techniques and methods which vary by craft and not by social class. "Moreover, the occupations at similar class levels may have different dynamics—rates of growth, expansion, and decline—which color the perspective of the craftsman."

Generally speaking, I agree with this critique. But I also feel the authors may underestimate Marx's recognition of the important historical role of occupational groupings in the creation of ideas. In his introduction to Marx's *Pre-Capitalist Economic Formations*, Eric Hobsbawm notes Marx's highly positive evaluation of the contribution that craft skill, pride and organization made to the development of capitalism out of feudalism. Furthermore, in *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, Marx characterized both the bourgeoisie and the peasantry in terms of their respective world outlooks, which views, attributable to class position, nevertheless came to have lives of their own. That is, Marx recognized that the

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sentimentality and phony humanitarianism of the bourgeoisie and the superstition and past-mindedness of the peasantry are products of the way of life of each of these groups, and not simply of their relationship to the economic system abstractly conceived. And in Volume I of *Capital,* Marx discusses the castelike feature of guilds, noting that their isolation from one another produces distinctive feelings, outlooks and attitudes on the part of each. Bensman and Lilienfeld dispose of Marx's awareness of these factors in a single sentence in a footnote, and while they are probably correct in claiming that craft-consciousness was not central to Marx's thought, they might have given more weight to what he did say on the subject.

Following Thorstein Veblen and Max Weber, Bensman and Lilienfeld make a case for the development of a kind of autonomy within crafts as a result of technique, and its material or symbolic content. Once created, the crafts generate internal dynamics that isolate one from the other and alter their original relationship to the economic substructure of society. Consequently, distinctive perspectives, attitudes and claims about the nature of reality come to be associated with particular crafts in a manner that is in some respects independent of the social and economic origins of their practitioners. People sharing a given economic situation do not necessarily share the same ideas if they follow different occupations. Furthermore, their craft-derived perspectives may be projected into the outside world, affecting culture in general and the economic system. What was once the view of a particular craft may become accessible to persons in other crafts. In *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism,* Max Weber showed how the interpenetration of Protestant and capitalist ideas produced a new ethic, i.e., a new motivational structure influencing not only Protestant capitalists but non-Protestants too within capitalist societies.

The evidence amassed in support of their thesis by Bensman and Lilienfeld is genuinely impressive. Drawing on the work of Edmund Husserl, Alfred Schutz, and the phenomenological school, the authors analyze craft attitudes in the arts of musical composition and performance as well as the area of games and sports. And using phenomenological models, the authors suggest a way of bringing together the perspectives of common sense and science into what they call the *planning attitude.* This attitude involves the rationalization of decision making, but when one moves from planning to action, the common sense attitude may prevail over the scientific, resulting in the political determination of alternative programs. And indeed, social planners are very often trapped by their inability to encourage and achieve rationalized value choices.

The authors succeed in disclosing two of the main themes of crafthood in modern society; (*1*) the tension between spontaneous and rationally calculated creativity, and (*2*) the tension between the creative and the critical attitude. The emergence of rational and critical attitudes has led to an emphasis on methodology to the detriment of content and inspiration. A well-known American composer and former academic colleague complained regularly to me of his theory and composition students who insisted on imbibing all the latest compositional formulas, assuming that this in itself guaranteed worthwhile output. "They know how to compose but have nothing to say," he observed. Similarly, the composer Leon Kirchner wrote recently, "We are caught in a struggle of methodologies: control and prediction of human behavior vs. the demonstration of human competence and creativity."

Bensman and Lilienfeld examine the specialization of craft attitudes in the fields of religion, philosophy, history, economics, sociology, psychology and literature. This examination constitutes the bulk of the volume, and the authors reveal an excellent understanding (though their writing is sometimes heavy-handed) of the special problems and unique world views of these fields. As a sociologist I was especially interested in their discussion of the strategies, divisions and issues of sociology. In discussing the classical figures of Comte, Simmel, Durkheim and Weber, the authors discern an essential sociological attitude, which focuses on the interrelatedness of events, whether from the standpoint of social and economic class, bureaucracy or the functional relations within small-scale structures or abstract social systems. They also raise such important issues as the relationship of sociology to scientific endeavor, the nature of sociological data, the role and influence of values in sociological work, whether sociology is concretely descriptive or abstractly analytical and whether sociology deals in macroscopic or microscopic entities. The authors suggest but do not get into the issue of professionalization and how this process has affected the sociological attitude by dividing it into career-oriented specialties whose practitioners cannot easily communicate across the bounds of their respective sub-crafts.

The authors note that an attitude common to all the fields discussed is the tendency of each to reduce the phenomenon of primary interest to an aspect or dimension susceptible of being studied by the particular techniques or methods of the field. Thus, sociology, psychology and economics may each study social class, but do so from different perspectives that create different views of the same phenomenon. But literature, as Bensman and Lilienfeld point out, is an exception, since it attempts to build a unified image of lives torn apart by social forces. Recognizing the reductionism involved in the mere selecting of events, the authors feel that, nevertheless, the literary craft is a transcendent form that lends itself to the creation of unified and personified world images.

The work ends with some of the best-written sections, a discussion of the broader ideological and political consequences of the world images that are contained in journalistic, intellectual, political, bureaucratic and class attitudes. Here again the authors emphasize their thesis that ideas and knowledge are more the products of solutions to problems arising in particular fields than they are responses to economic class interests. This view allows the possibility for genuine creativity, as craft practices articulate values independently of external factors. The new images thus created may in turn affect the outside world and thereby, perhaps, change the course of history. As the French sociologist Charles Lalo put it, as there are social conditions for art, so there exist artistic conditions for society. And Max Weber indicated that one of the unanticipated consequences of Calvinist belief was that it helped to establish the conditions giving rise to a new form of economy, capitalism.

This is an absorbing book. The authors' facility in handling their rich and complex material is so great that one can only admire their erudition and intellectual spirit. Given the great number of fields treated—sociology, psychology, religion, politics, journalism, aesthetics, art, mass communications, economics, public administration, history and philosophy—few people in these

REVELATION

Burst of sealight
flicker of
gulls
fish
casting for men

A single sailor
on deck
shooting the stars
in a dead sea

Roger Pfingston

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fields are likely to trust two sociologists explaining to them the nature and function of their craft activity. This is true especially in sociology itself, where people who are knowledgeable in other fields are suspected of dilletantism and, worst of all, intellectuality. In any case, phenomenological reductionism is okay in somebody else's field, not in one's own. Of course, this book can itself be subjected to the authors' own models, reducing the work to its own core meanings. What craft mentality produced this book, with its societal image of numerous discrete crafts and rationalized intellects all producing meanings so specialized as to be comprehensible only within the crafts themselves? But herein lies the book's most important contribution to understanding the intellectual life of our times. In disclosing the shared phenomenological themes underlying the fields mentioned, Bensman and Lilienfeld suggest a common ground for the interpenetration of ideas between crafts, and ultimately for improving communication among them. Thus, a sociology of knowledge and a knowledgeable sociology may become more than a pipe dream. □

After 'Disorder and Early Sorrow'

FROM TIME TO TIME. *By Hannah Tillich. Stein and Day. 252 pp. $7.95.*

PAULUS. *By Rollo May. Harper & Row. 113 pp. $5.95.*

SARA SANBORN

This is the age of confessions. Everyone from college girls to professional football players is putting forth an autobiography, either straightforwardly or as a variation of what someone once called, "those novels that end when the protagonist becomes a novelist." Every man has one good story in him, the theory goes—and is anxious to get it into print before his life alters beyond recognition in the double-time march of social change, and before his concluding triumph becomes the starting point for a new series of personal transformations. The theme is generally how hard it all was; the moral, what a remarkable person I must be to have observed so much and come out so sensitive.

In such company, Hannah Tillich's extraordinary memoir appears more powerful still. Shot through with poetry, fantasy and vision, it has, nevertheless, a bare-bones austerity. The author takes her own experience seriously, both within and beyond her marriage to Paul Tillich, a radical and respected theologian and a lover of women. She does not soften the painful things she has to say about herself and her husband with wit or with social criticism that is designed to make self-pity seem legitimate. (The recent spate of books about the agony of growing up privileged in postwar America looks especially puerile in the light cast by these recollections.) There is no self-justification, nor, on the other hand, humorous self-deprecation—"how human I am." The author never holds experience at a distance with theorizing or didacticism. Her book has the purity and candor of memory that may only be given to old age.

Hannah Tillich spent her childhood in the close confines of a clergyman's home in Germany at the turn of the century, only slowly coming to understand that her father was a periodic drunkard. She came of age, an art student, in the starvation years of World War I—"I had become hungry and holy"—and was a young woman during the fever of Germany in the 1920s and in the pesthouse of Nazism. As a girl she had love affairs with women, but Paulus, a poor and ungainly lecturer, became her lover while she was engaged to another man. (Years later, her mother said in astonishment, "That is the boy who caused so much trouble?") She married the other man first. Paulus was "upset" to learn that she was betrothed, but she promised him that she would go away and be married for a year or two and then come back to him. True to her word, she left her husband, whose drawing of her adorns the jacket and who said in later years that he could never stay angry with her. He consented to a divorce after the death of their child, which she had placed in a crêche near the apartment she shared with Tillich and whose coming into and passing from existence she seems hardly to have noticed. The deaths of children, the quiet suicides of friends, the random beatings in the street—it was a time for casual dying.

In this book, the oft-invoked decadence of Germany between the wars lives in all of its destructive energy, making our decadence appear mere feeble-mindedness and poor public taste. The author and her husband lived among intellectuals and artists who were mad to cut through the middle-class strictures that seemed fast hardening into chains. On their wedding night, Paulus left Hannah to go on an "orgy." Both were seized by the spirit of the times.

> When Teddy sat down at the grand piano and let go, we all listened. Somebody bent to me and whispered the words of Marlene's song ["Falling in Love Again"]; somebody said, "Put your shoulder strap back, your nude shoulder drives me insane"; somebody danced with me, everybody watching; somebody sank at my feet, insisting on putting on my overshoes for me; somebody raped me in a car.

Hannah Tillich's vision of herself is informed, never diminished, by psychoanalytic insight. She describes with a moonlight clarity the androgynous character of her youth and her fears, obsessions and fantasies, as well as mystic experiences sometimes close to hysteria. She became convinced that a lover who shared her during five early years of her marriage died because she left him—and that he then revenged himself by causing her a miscarriage during a trip to Italy with her husband.

> I took one enchanting walk with Paulus on the heights of Sorrento. I bought a ceramic bunny with red spots. I fell back into bed, bleeding profusely. The ceramic bunny became a talisman against the black magic of Heinrich. Because I felt he had tried to kill me, I never could grieve over his death. . . . I called my talisman the "bloody bunny."

In 1933 came exile. Tillich, who had earned a reputation as a thinker and lecturer—and as an anti-Nazi—was dismissed from his university post. Then he was "advised" by the Minister of Education to get out of Germany for a few years, and Reinhold Niebuhr was instrumental in bringing him to Union Theological Seminary, where he taught until he was appointed to a professorship at Harvard in 1955.

New York must have been the hardest time for the couple. Neither was able to speak much English on their arrival in this country. When they entertained in the German manner, the parties fell flat. Tillich was overwhelmed by duties toward other German refugees, and both felt pressed in their privacy by the family-style friendliness of the seminary—until they were assured that they didn't really have to *be* "neighborly," merely wear a neighborly mien in the elevator. In New York, there was never enough money or time; there was the encroachment of middle-class academic life; and there was Tillich's constant pursuit and easy captivation of other women.

"I did love my second husband's face, the shape of his hands, his whole physical being." Even during the years when they

Sara Sanborn's reviews and articles have appeared in Commentary *and* The New York Times.

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nearly separated, "seing Paulus's face was always glorious to me." At last, however, Hannah—now far into middle age and the mother of two maturing children, threatened to leave her husband unless they got a place where she could be alone, and they bought a house at the shore. "Paulus came back to me in East Hampton." The turbulent couple, now "the old woman" and "the old man," finally managed to close solidly with each other. The solidness and turbulence both are swallowed up in the story of a man's dying, in 1966. Hannah Tillich gave her husband's brain to medical research and retreated to East Hampton to burn his letters from women, fend off old friends, and mourn out nearly five years. Her book is the result; its resolution cannot be summarized; it is a relic of profound power.

Rollo May's book is a gloss to Hannah Tillich's; the two should be read together. The structure of hers is the shape of her experience; his proceeds by constant reference to Tillich's thought and to psychoanalysis. (May's two most recent popular books are very nearly psychoanalytic redactions of Tillich.) May was a student of Tillich at Union who became a lifelong friend and he describes the sharp impact on him of Tillich's first lectures. A young man recently returned from three years in Greece, he sought at Union an alternative to the jejune optimism of America in the 1930s—*Happy Days Are Here Again*—and to the banality of its psychological thought. He found it in Tillich, by all accounts a teacher with the rare power to inspire his students to new possibilities. Lecturing on such unprecedented topics as "The Spiritual Implications of Psychoanalysis" and "The Religious Meaning of Modern Art," Tillich was laughed at constantly by students for his errors in English, a new experience for a European professor and one to which he responded with blushes and further stumbling.

> In one of those lectures, Tillich said seriously, "If there is a devil I do not know." At this the class doubled up in laughter. It seemed funny in those days for someone to take the reality of the devil so solemnly. No doubt most of us did not pause to recall that this speaker had just come from his experience of Hitler.

May bears witness to the extraordinary magnetism of Tillich's personal presence. As a teacher, he took both the issues he raised and the often callow questions of his listeners with utter seriousness, and he expected everyone to do the same. "He seemed to take for granted that all of us there—as Socrates says—would be at all times concerned with the ultimate questions of reason and love and death." In the classroom or outside, "Paulus lived with his emotions always showing," open and candid to a fault, in a way that transformed even casual contacts into personal encounters. He had the gift of turning on others an intensity of attention that made them feel he saw in them depths which they had never seen in themselves—and which must have amounted in many cases to a kind of possession by him. Women were especially vulnerable; according to May, he inspired in those he touched an abiding devotion, treasured in memory, and usually unmarked by jealousy against the others who had shared the same transcendent experience.

There was something compulsive about Tillich's occasionally hectic social life and his relations with women, May acknowledges, and he offers a plausible if somewhat facile and tautological analysis. "I used to say to him that, while his mind had developed magnificently, his emotions had been left behind at the twelve-year-old level." May, however, seems gratified and even a little complacent at the success with women of his "spiritual father," as if the prophet were entitled to as many devotees as he could win, priestesses honored to take their turn at the shrine. At times he also appears to be contemptuous of the susceptible creatures who fell under Tillich's spell. "After the service, the usual coterie of women surrounded him, each one of whom no doubt felt the sermon was an intimate personal message to her."

The love affairs which took Tillich away from his family also took him briefly from his profound loneliness and frequent depression. To one woman he remarked, "Every morning from seven till ten I live with the demons." The importance of participating in, even cultivating, the demonic and daimonic as a double-edged form of vitality became a major part of Tillich's (and May's) philosophy. Tillich believed that anxiety and guilt were inevitable parts of fully human experience, not mere neurotic vestiges to be dissolved by one therapy or another. Anxiety is a necessary concomitant of creativity, and the measure of a life is its ability to absorb and even transform the forces of "non-being"—death, sickness, depression. Courage is not simply one of the virtues but the ground of all of them—*The Courage To Be*—as one of Tillich's more popular books is entitled.

Courage, seriousness, openness are the qualities of both of the lives described in these books—and Hannah Tillich's personality and life are as forceful as her husband's. Inevitably, there are many cruelties done and suffered and not a little ugliness—Tillich denying with the infuriating irrationality of a child flirtations which Hannah herself has witnessed, and throwing himself on the floor in tantrums. We do not expect our great men to behave this way in their homes—only in weekend encounter sessions. Such unbalanced plunging after knowledge and love, such wayward efforts to mine the Ground of Being—the appellation of God in Tillich's writings—are necessarily distressing to the spectators whose searches take more seemly,

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more sanctioned forms. They also make our carefully hedged efforts to achieve authenticity in privileged surroundings look more than usually ersatz and vulgar. Passion is popular now; because others undertook to be pathfinders, we can be conscientious forest rangers with good benefits and a therapy group. □

Book Marks

EMILE CAPOUYA

THE HOAXERS. *By Morris Kominsky. Branden Press. 735 pp. $12.50.* (Available from the author-publisher in Elsinore, Calif. 92330).

The cold war, and the shooting wars that followed, could not have assumed such dreadful proportions were it not for the flood of propaganda unleashed in the United States by the political Right. "Plain liars, fancy liars, and damned liars," as Mr. Kominsky has it in his subtitle, consistently distorted history, past and current, to make liberal sentiment of any kind appear traitorous and affection for long-held American ideals seem un-American. And, as is clear from so many of the documented instances of misrepresentation assembled here, the half-truths and outright lies were not merely the result of partisan passion but often amounted to systematic fabrication. The author is to be commended for his painstaking scholarship in unearthing the facts about the hundreds of cases of slander, distortion and pure invention which he has investigated and exposed in this book. The torrent of misleading and often cynical propaganda, sustained and orchestrated by prominent persons, helps explain not only the era of Watergate but the decades of cuckoo public policy that preceded it.

THE ELASTIC RETORT. *By Kenneth Rexroth. Seabury Press. 280 pp. $7.95.*

This is the third volume of Kenneth Rexroth's essays to be issued by the Seabury Press, which deserves well of the republic for having exercised its taste and judgment to such good purpose. Mr. Rexroth, as is well known, is remarkable for the range of his scholarship in the literature of East and West; more remarkable are his penetration, steady judgment and lucidity. As a man of letters, he combines intellect with a kind of spirited decency; he is an ideal popularizer because in clarifying issues for readers who are not specialists he succeeds in intensifying rather than in diluting the moral questions that those issues raise. For that reason his 5 pages on William Blake in this collection are masterly, as is his essay on Lamennais, and his assessment of Gilbert White—and so on through some forty pieces. A most rewarding book. Mr. Rexroth is also a valued contributor to *The Nation.*

ARMIES AND THE ART OF REVOLUTION. *By Katharine Chorley. Beacon Press. 273 pp. $3.25.*

This book is a reissue of the 1943 edition, handy and modestly priced. It contains the original foreword by Liddell Hart, probably the most perceptive and far-seeing military theorist of modern times, and has a new introduction by the author. The book analyzes the role played by organized armed force—both that of the *anciens régimes* of the world and of the revolutinary movements that have challenged the power of established governments. The period covered is from the time of the American Revolution and the French Revolution down to the Second World War. Miss Chorley demonstrates the capital importance of factors such as the social origins of conscript armies, volunteer armies, militias, cadres and officers' corps, as well as the conditions of service (including the crucial matter of how the armed forces are quartered), in determining the attitude and dependability of the troops on either side of a revolutionary struggle. This most sensible and practical analysis is finally extended to a problem that is important not to military theorists alone, nor to revolutionaries and counterrevolutionaries but to the citizens of any democracy—namely, what forms of military organization, recruitment and terms of service and what appointed roles in formulating or carrying out public policy are best adapted to the defense and preservation of democratic societies. The book is a classic, modest in its pretensions and valuable in its accomplishments.

RADICAL PARADOXES: Dilemmas of the American Left. *By Peter Clecak. Harper & Row. 358 pp. $11.95.*

". . . Throughout the 20th century, the developing capitalist order has simply deflected those diverse radical challenges it did not absorb." Hence a number of "radical paradoxes" in the United States, or radicals beset by paradox, the essence of which is that political theorizing across the broad spectrum of the Left is carried on in America in the face of the almost complete absence of successful political action. Humanizing reforms accomplished in this century have been for the most part an outgrowth of a maturing capitalist system rather than concessions forced from the owners and managers of that system by the pressure of organized political radicalism. Taking this situation as the essential ground of his discussion, Peter Clecak analyzes the ideas of a number of important radical thinkers—C. Wright Mills, Paul Baran, Paul Sweezy and Herbert Marcuse—sketches the history and ideology of the New Left, and concludes with a sketch of a "historically possible democratic, socialist society." Clecak's vision is essentially sober and conservative, averse to utopian perspectives—though by no means closed to those perspectives framed by earlier utopians, humanists and seers whose ideas are, collectively, the driving power of the Socialist tradition. That is yet another "radical paradox," which Clecak can justify by pointing to the generally dismal prospects for building the New Jerusalem in the near future by means of revolution in the United States. Mr. Clecak's essays on political subjects have appeared in *The Nation.*

GIVE ME COMBAT. *By Julio Alvarez del Vayo. Little, Brown & Co. 333 pp. $12.50.*

Successively European editor, foreign editor and European correspondent of *The Nation,* J. Alvarez del Vayo has also been associated with such journals as *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, *The Manchester Guardian* and the inimitable *Gazette and Daily* of York, Pa. Besides that, he served as Foreign Minister under the Spanish Republic—and was at that time and has been ever since an indomitable representative of the values that did not die with the defeat of the Loyalist cause. As Barbara Tuchman says of him in her graceful and moving foreword, "Del Vayo is today the outstanding living representative on the Republican side of the Spanish Civil War, the cause that gripped the West as the clarifying issue of the age of fascism." His career as journalist and diplomatist, and even more his broad interest in the culture of his time, has brought him into close contact with many of the outstanding political, literary and artistic figures among his contemporaries. A great many of these are sketched or given more detailed portraiture in this second book of del Vayo's memoirs; they range from Rosa Luxemburg, Lenin, Sidney and Beatrice Webb and Léon Blum to Malraux, Aragon, I.F. Stone, Mendès-France and Unamuno. The viewpoint is always cosmopolitan, even global, and the spirit that animates it is bravely unreconstructed. Del Vayo has publicly identified himself in the past as "the last optimist"; since he is no Pollyanna but a doughty warrior, the reader is invited to consider whether op-

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timism might not be the most reasonable spirit in which to try to bring about improvements in an imperfect world. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Hans Hofmann had decades of figurative painting behind him when he became a painter of luxuriant abstractions. He was much older than the other Abstract Expressionists and had been a tough professional painter since the 1920s. A group of these earlier works, from 1936 to 1940, will be shown at André Emmerich (uptown gallery, starting January 5). They have the energetic bustle of his abstractions, but the free brushwork is affiliated to a world of objects. There are verdant landscapes and interiors with choppy geometric forms. The clear influence on the interiors is Matisse, and Hofmann's paintings are at about the same degree of abstraction from nature as Matisse's or Raoul Dufy's. That is to say, the pictures are based on object references rather than on an internally regulated play of line and color, but the emerging image is openly modified by its pictorial evolution. This happy relation between observed fact and painterly improvisation is particularly successful in the interiors where furniture provides a structural geometry that bites against the gestural handling. In the landscapes, where fewer forms resist incorporation into Hofmann's typical storm of brush strokes, the clogged, oceanic effect that mars so many of the later abstractions is already evident.

Antoni Tàpies wrote an interesting text on his own paintings; it is published in the catalogue of his exhibition recently at the Martha Jackson gallery. He was the first, and absolutely the best, of the postwar artists from Spain of whom so much was made in the 1950s. He refers to his early work, which was low-keyed and sandy-textured, its surfaces recalling worn and bullet-pocked walls: "All the walls bear witness to the martyrdom of our people and the inhuman punishment that was inflicted upon it." In addition to growing up with the traces of street fighting and executions in the Spanish Civil War, Tàpies absorbed books on archaeology and Brassai's photographs of graffiti in Paris. The sources of his work therefore gave him access to the immediacy of the street and to a dimension of historical pathos, stretching out to include the remote past and all anonymous crowds whose marks characterize walls long after they have gone. To quote the artist again: "Everything takes place over a far broader area than the area bounded by the format or material content of the paintings." This explicitly separates his art from postwar abstraction, concrete and self-referring, to which it was linked at the time.

It is clear that Tàpies felt that a general evocation of the sort provided by his walls was not sufficiently expansive, and he moved toward more specific objects. "Was it the culmination of a process of weariness brought on by the universal proliferation of a facile Tachism? A reaction against the anarchy of informal art, an attempt to escape the excesses of abstraction, the pull exerted by the more specific?" (I can't prove it, but think that Tàpies' adoption of centered objects in place of the continuum of the wall may be an outcome of the influence of Pop art, especially perhaps of Jim Dine.) At any rate umbrellas and canvas stretchers, twists of rag and clothing, entered Tàpies' works, asserting the literal presence of the everyday within the zone of an art that once avoided just such specification. Tàpies' post-Tachist period, and the self-criticism that must have driven him to it, has yet not been adequately appreciated in the United States.

The re-emergence of non-Abstract Hofmanns coincides with the tortuous change into the direct presentation of objects in Tàpies. They are both symptoms of the recovery of art's significative functions, following the exhaustion of early 20th-century Abstract art theory. So far-reaching is this turn of opinion, that it is hard to look at masters of early Abstract art in the former terms of purified expression. At the Guggenheim Museum (until January 13) is a large exhibition of Kasmir Malevich, based on the collection of the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam. It consists of thirty-six paintings and fifteen drawings, purchased from a friend of the artist to whom they had been entrusted when Malevich returned to Moscow in 1927. Looking at these extraordinary works it is impossible to be satisfied any longer with purely visual criteria; iconography and signification insist on their due.

For one thing, as Troels Andersen points out in the detailed explanatory catalogue, Malevich's painting continually evokes an imagery of flight. We learn from Malevich's book *The Non-Objective World* that photographs of planes in flight (including squadrons of biplanes) and vertical shots of the ground constitute the environment of his abstract paintings. The environment, also called nature, is important in Malevich's thinking. He defines nature as "a human being's surroundings." Compared to his own gravity-free environment, for example, the Italian Futurist environment is encumbered by hardware (locomotives, steel bridges, Zeppelins) and the environment of the Academic painter is pastoral. Malevich proposes an evolutionary framework of advancing technological consciousness, within which we should view art. Thus, in addition to interpreting any particular abstract picture by him, there is the overall

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fact that it exemplifies a stage of cultural awareness.

There is not room to go into the problem here, but this excellent show is a reminder that it is time somebody undertook a study of "Malevich and his Influences" (to adapt the title of Clement Greenberg's recent catalogue essay on Matisse's influence on American art; *The Nation*, December 10). It would have to include not only the effect of his theories but also, and critically, the relation of "White on White" and his cruciform compositions on later American artists.

At the A.I.R. Gallery in December Pat Lasch showed a group of what until recently would have been called Abstract paintings, despite her use of such titles as "Ancestral Patterning in Death" and "Four Generations." She works by stitching pale threads on muslin stretched like canvas on stretchers that are often shaped, archlike or oval. The visual effect is of the highest delicacy, pale marks upon a pale surface, but her stitching is always systematically extended into symmetrical forms. Thus the low visibility of the individual marks is awarded clarity by the persistence of known forms. This brilliant combination of nuance and legibility is used to state patterns with family and generational references, as is made clear by the names and dates in some of the paintings. Even when verbal clues are not given, however, the placid succession of the stitches in whole forms raises an irrevocable sense of time, like a quilt that tells the history of a family. □

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

My reaction to David E. Freeman's *Creeps* (Playhouse 2: 357 W. 48th St.) exemplifies the play's thesis. When the curtain rose on the men's washroom of a workshop for victims of cerebral palsy, I felt a revulsion from the unsightly environment and the painfulness of watching the afflicted characters. The shock, I suspected, would be too much for me. But my attitude soon changed. The "cripples" had become people, and like all people truly seen, interesting, and in this case, much more than that.

In a way, the play is even more of a "case history" of its audience than of its personages. Most of us try to ignore the evidence before our eyes if it proves inconvenient or disagreeable. In turning away from reality we mutilate ourselves.

Freeman, the Canadian author of *Creeps*, till the age of 17 attended a school for the handicapped and was then transferred to a workshop such as the one depicted in his play. It is written, in every sense, from the inside, by one wholly involved. What he says is that such men as he shows in the workshop are more or less overlooked and neglected by us, and that apart from their physiological condition, they are very much like us. They suffer in connection with us and with one another many of the same psychological disabilities that we do.

Secular and official faiths enjoin us to love one another, as if this injunction were a simple matter. But it is no easy thing to love. It is actually extremely difficult, and only a rare few achieve it. The impulse to love is nearly always present, but we encounter constant impediments to its enactment. Everyone in some way or other is strange or somehow repellent to his neighbor. We dislike this or that person or group for causes that extend beyond race, religion, color, class or economics. Through one sort of fear or another we become alien to one another. It requires a decided effort of will to recognize the humanity in the other and consequently our own.

As we watch the behavior of the individual "creeps" of Freeman's play, traits we all share become ever more apparent. Bitterness at the agony of their own state makes them harsh and sometimes cruel—even with one another. The wounds inflicted on them by the accident of nature and subsequently by others "free" of their condition create an all-encompassing resentment and very often almost ineradicable hatred. Reflecting the way the world treats them, they become ashamed of themselves. Whereupon they are as angry at themselves for their feeling of shame as they are at the others for causing it. They assume—and they are often right—that the generosity of those who offer to help them is a sign of guilt on the part of those who have been spared the isolation of deformity. Virtually all minorities suffer this trauma.

Despite every disadvantage, a few harbor aspirations beyond a life sustained through charitable organizations. One of Freeman's people wishes to become a painter, another a writer. The others are too frightened to take the risk of becoming more than dependents, with most of the odds against them. After all, the institutions to which they have confided themselves offer them "shelter" and a kind of security. But when they discover that one, perhaps two, of their number are willing to challenge the hardships of freedom and break away from the wretched safety, they not only urge such "insurgents" to take the step but shed some of their own despair and themselves take on a glow of spirit. Every act of liberation from adversity inspires a degree of confidence and elation even among the intimidated and enslaved.

We have all read that "ugliness" itself may become a proper subject for art, though art is presumed to aim at "beauty." In seeing *Creeps* we learn something about how such a transformation comes about. When the "ugly" is viewed in the broadest human context it ceases to be so. What we call "ugly" is not something separate from the whole of experience but is enmeshed in the unity of life—and if we give inner assent to that totality, beauty becomes manifest.

What we need from one another is not pity but the understanding which makes us all part of one another. "Pity" may be only a gloss—like the grinning television show in aid of the disabled that is pictured in several flashes of the play—which hides clear vision and prevents real compassion.

Freeman has made the special and "obscene" world of the spastics the symbol of a universal situation. He may not have calculated this symbolism, which makes his play all the more penetrating and poignant.

This effect could hardly have been achieved were it not for the excellence of a cast that acts with more than a professional commitment to its task. I name the principals: Steven Gilborn, Mark Metcalf, Bruce Weitz, Richard DeFabees. To them and their director Louis W. Scheeder—all honor. □

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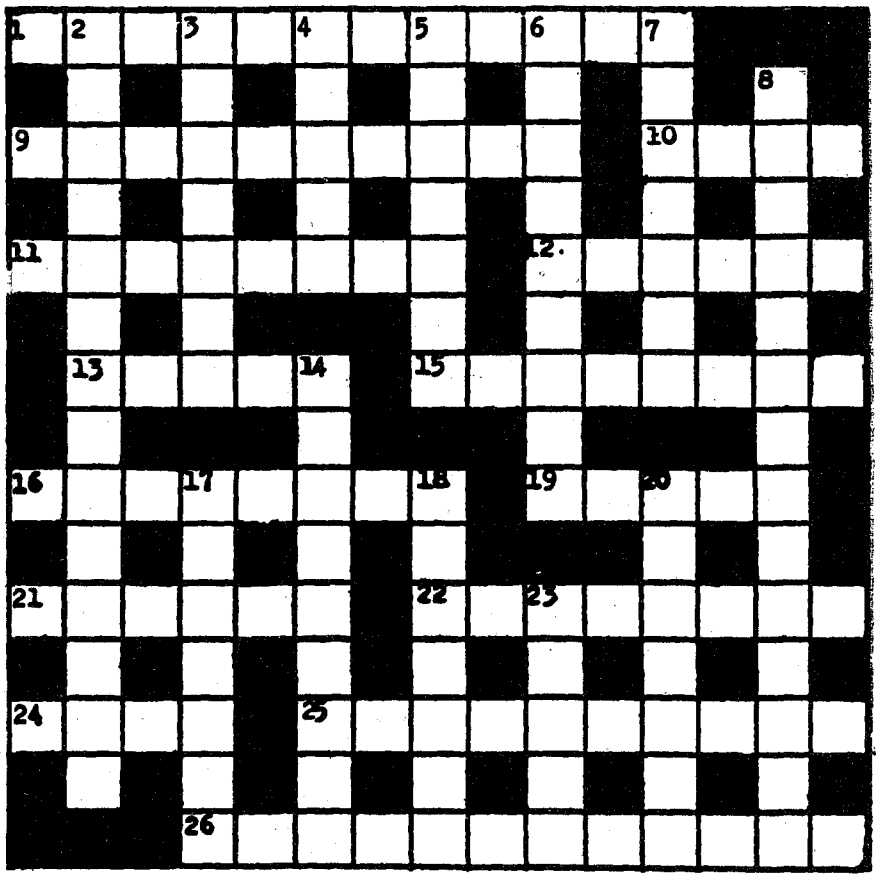
Crossword Puzzle No. 1518

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Query concerning one's willingness to baby-sit, made rather apologetically. (5,3,4)
9 Florida bungalow, for instance, where some politicians sit. (10)
10 Store going from one direction to another. (4)
11 It's less than a step, but a member of the Hebrew race, for example, can get around on the answer. (8)
12 See 2 down
13 Proving your gestures might show drives, in a sense. (5)
15 Left in relatively close surroundings? (8)
16 Found traditionally under the rose. (2,6)
19 Heath proves the States have no early beginning there. (5)
21 Similar to dispatched agreement? (6)
22 What comes in as a result of the business goes just as easily (8)
24 By the sound of it, notices its blade is set at the right angle. (4)
25 Might such a person be "erring" in his speech? (10)
26 The flat rate should be less if this is kept up. (4,8)

DOWN

2, 23 down and 12 across Business is probably less shady here. (2,3,5,4,2,3,6)
3 In France, the object of certain buiding material? (7)
4 Swift creature, but scarcely an admirable one. (5)
5 No one could accuse them of not taking an interest in their work. (7)
6 Basically, how the French petroleum industry made some of its money. (2,7)
7 Reputedly they should be just dry spots.
8 Perpetually going on in somewhat redundant manner. (3,4,3,4)
14 You might associate one with a yawner, but in certain cases you might be moved by it. (9)
17 The one that heats up is not necessarily plutonium. (7)
18 Formally prepares what one writes down? (5,2)
20 Think of a plan to set up. (7)
23 See 2 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1517

ACROSS: 1 Anne Hathaway; 10 Outward; 11 Nomadic; 12 Least; 13 Cherubini; 14 Willow tree; 16 Shoe; 18 Hose; 20 Adjustment; 23 Orchestra; 25 Gaper; 26 Glutton; 27 Italian; 28 Back to nature. DOWN: 2 Netball; 3 Exaction; 4 Abdicated; 5 Hinge; 6 Wampum; 7 Yiddish; 8 Follow through; 9 Accident-prone; 15 Education; 17 Stagnant; 19 Succumb; 21 Emptier; 22 Hectic; 24 Tenet.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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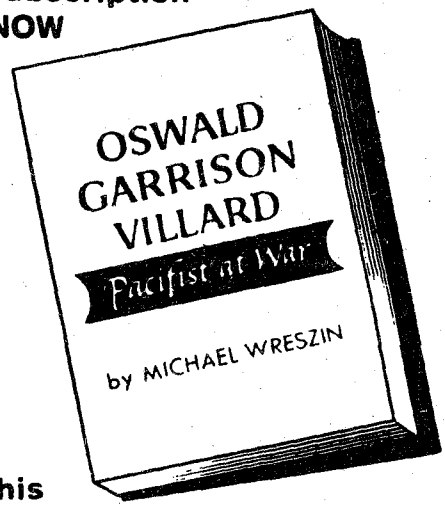

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